

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 608.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1828.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting in England, &c. &c.; with considerable Additions. By the Rev. James Dallaway. Royal 8vo. Vol. V. London, 1828. Major.

THE fifth volume of this valuable work consists of a Catalogue of Engravers, who had been born or who had resided in England; digested by Mr. Walpole, from Vertue's MSS., to which considerable additions have been made by Mr. Dallaway. From those additions we extract the following interesting notices of Hollar and Strange.

"Wenceslaus Hollar, born 1607, died 1677. To have been born with a singular talent, which he exercised with industry, which permitted neither interval nor repose, for the course of more than forty years—to have passed a long life in adversity, without the errors to which many men of genius have owed it—and to end that life in the destitution of common comforts, merely from the insufficient emoluments of a profession, and with a strictly moral character: such was the fate of Hollar! After a narrative of his labours, and of the injustice he sustained, we shall commiserate him, as having 'fallen on evil men and evil days.' Yet, of no engraver of that age is the posthumous fame greater, or the value of his works enhanced to so high a degree. He was born at Prague in 1607. His family were of the higher order of gentry, by patent from the Kings of Bohemia, and upon account of their attachment to the Protestant religion had suffered very greatly in their fortune. Wenceslaus was intended by his father for the profession of the law, and was initiated into its preparatory studies. After the battle and siege of Prague, in 1619, the ruin of his family was completed by confiscation; and he had to depend for future maintenance solely upon a dexterity which he had very early shewn in the use of his pen and pencil. He adopted and excelled in a style best suited to chorography, or delineations of cities and places, between mapping and drawing, which was novel and popular. His first residence was at Frankfort, where he received instructions of Mathew Merian, the well-known engraver, from whom he learned to finish plates from celebrated pictures. At eighteen years of age (1625), he published his first prints of 'a Madonna and an Ecce Homo.' He travelled through Germany, employing himself in taking views of the chief towns, and sketches from the paintings in the best collections, during several years. In 1636, T. Earl of Arundel, then upon his embassy to the Emperor Ferdinand II. rested at Cologne, where Hollar exhibited his works to him; and this circumstance was the origin of all the good fortune that ever beamed upon his days. The discernment of the noble connoisseur soon discovered that Hollar's talent had not yet reached its zenith; he therefore promised his patronage, and immediately retained him in his suite. He was treated with the greatest respect, and accompanied the embassy as a private Bohemian gentleman. He

signed his plate with a view of Wurtzbourg, 'W. Hollar delin. in legatione Arundelianâ ad Imperatorem.' These were, indeed, his golden days: he was placed in an apartment in Arundel House, when the Earl returned in the course of the next year, had an uninterrupted admission to the sumptuous collection, from several of which he engraved; was liberally remunerated; and, to complete his happiness, married a young gentleman who was under the protection of the countess. In the few years before the commencement of the civil war, and the departure of his patron from England, he constantly pursued his art and increased his reputation. Soon after his arrival, he published a View of London from Greenwich Park; an Equestrian Portrait of Lord Arundel, as Commander of the Expedition against the Scots, in 1639; and in 1640, 'Ornatu Muliebris Anglicanus,' consisting of twenty-six plates of English females; and the curious Arundelian cup, designed by Andrea Mantegna; and in the next year, portraits of the King and Queen, ovals, in a single plate, from Vandyck. That eminent painter disliked his manner, as having so little in common with the science of painting; and for that reason, defective in communicating the spirit, and transmitting the character, which animates his figures. Beside this, Vandyck was partial to Bolswert and other engravers, who had formed their manner from the school of Rubens. The style of Hollar, whatever were the subject, was uniformly the same. Of the portraits taken from Vandyck, the greater part have a date 1642, which is after his death. In 1644, he had completed a collection of sixty plates of the dresses of ladies of different European countries, which was entitled 'Aula Veneris.' In 1645, he applied himself wholly to engraving from the Arundel collection, and particularly from the original drawings of Lionardo da Vinci. The last works done from this collection were thirty-eight plates of shells, without title or explanation, which are among the rarest. In that year he became a soldier, and with Robert Peake, an artist and printseller, and W. Faithorne, then young, held a commission under the brave Marquess of Winchester, and were present with him at Basing House, during its noble defence for a siege of two months. Clarendon observes, that upon its surrender many were put to the sword; but these artists were spared, and they were allowed to retire in safety, after a short imprisonment. Hollar then resorted to the protection of Lord Arundel, who was settled at Antwerp; after whose death, in 1646, he remained there, employed by dealers in prints, and penuriously paid. In fact, his works were not held in due estimation on the continent, where engravers were more numerous, and jealous of his fame, and prints were sold at a very low price. His whole subsistence was therefore precarious from that time to 1652; yet he undertook engravings from paintings of note—from Breugle and Elsheimer, and lastly from Holbein's Dance of Death. But his leisure, as an occupation of delight, was still

devoted to engrave the drawings he had made from the Arundel collection, to which he always affixed 'Ex Coll. Arund.' The great work of the 'Monasticon' was about this time contemplated by Sir W. Dugdale, by whom he was invited to establish himself in England once more, which he did in 1652, with the hopes of a more certain maintenance. He likewise embellished the 'Histories of St. Paul's Cathedral, and of Warwickshire.' There is a statement in the 'Memoirs of Sir W. Dugdale,' lately published, of the number of views and delineations in St. Paul's (which were supplied by subscribers to whom they are dedicated), and of the money Hollar received for them, which was exactly 185l. 10s. for forty-five plates. In Ogilby's Virgil there are several folio plates by his hand. Even for plates of a large size he was not paid more than four or five pounds each by the first mentioned. At this period, and probably after the death of his first wife, he retired to the house of W. Faithorne, who was a printseller, near Temple Bar, as well as an engraver. To give some idea of inadequate reward, Hollar was condemned to work under this roof with an hour-glass placed before him to regulate the miserable payment to be afforded by his employer; and such was his scrupulous honesty, that he turned it whenever he was interrupted. His patient industry anticipated a certain reward upon the Restoration; yet after several years he found himself as poor and as much neglected as many other royalists were, who had, in fact, suffered the most in that cause. It is not easy to account for the neglect he experienced from Prince Rupert (the son of the sovereign of his own country), who was himself an artist, and who certainly patronised the art. Hollar has engraved his portrait, beside two large views of his naval victories over the Dutch; but no farther encouragement ensued. Thus deserted, and almost destitute of the supply of a day, he finished his greatly extended View of London from Greenwich Hill, upon two sheets, for Stent, another printseller; and Vertue, of whose veracity there is no reason to doubt, asserts, that for this labour he was remunerated with thirty shillings! He had likewise married again. London was now by fire and plague depopulated of both artists and employers, and Hollar existed in a state of positive want. His son, a youth of talent, fell a sacrifice to the plague. In 1669, a fallacious prospect of advantage opened upon him from the court—no less, indeed, than a proposal to accompany Lord Howard, appointed the governor of Tangier, in order to make accurate plans and draughts of the fortifications there. At the age of sixty-two was Hollar compelled by penury to accept an office to which no conditions of reward were annexed, but to be left to the liberality of the government. On the burning sands of Africa he was required to make surveys and measurements. A year of suffering and labour was so passed by him, when, upon his return, the ship was attacked by Turkish pirates, but eventually escaped. Immediately upon his arrival in London, with

his accustomed assiduity, he finished the plates of Tanguier, upon which he styled himself 'Iconographus Regis.' He, like so many others, was paid with a vain title; and after great importunity, he obtained for all his toil and time a grant from the crown of one hundred pounds for his labour and expenses. This sum was probably soon exhausted; but in 1672, he had a permanent engagement with two eminent heralds, Dugdale and Sandford, for the Monasticon and the Royal Genealogy, for whom he visited the North, to make the requisite drawing. The last plate he began, and which his feeble hand was unable to complete, was of the Tomb of Edward IV. in the chapel at Windsor, for Sandford's work. Hollar died (or was buried) on the 28th of March, 1677, when he had nearly completed his seventieth year. There is a circumstance recorded to have taken place immediately previous to his dissolution, from which every feeling mind will recoil with regret, if not with indignation. As he was expiring, it has been asserted that bailiffs were sent to seize the bed upon which he lay, for a very small debt. He could not satisfy the demand, but meekly requested them to spare him the use of his bed for a little while—only till he found another in the grave. From this sad story one would wish to withhold implicit belief; for Aubrey, who knew him well, totally omits it, and observes incidentally, 'that he was thriftless as to the world, and died not rich'—an expression which by no means conveys an idea of his having been reduced to that extreme poverty which has been stated by all his other biographers, who have repeated the original tale. Yet it was related to Vertue by F. Place, who was Hollar's particular friend."

"Sir Robert Strange was born in 1721, in the Orkney Islands, of a good Highland family, and was classically educated at Kirkwall, and intended to practise the law, which his native genius soon induced him to relinquish. He was engaged in the battle of Culloden, in 1745, and escaping to Paris, became a pupil of Le Bas. In 1751 he first established himself in the profession of an engraver, and soon attained to great excellence. He was induced in 1760 to go to Rome in pursuit of art, and had the patronage of an English court established there at that period. In Italy he gained all the advantage, and received all the honour, which an artist could receive in that country; and his portrait was placed in the Florentine Gallery. Upon his return to England, he obtained the royal patronage, and as the only subject from any English master, engraved the apotheosis of the king's children, from a picture by West. He received the honour of knighthood on the 5th of January, 1787; and died in 1792, at the age of seventy-one years. A few years previously he had carefully selected eighty copies of the finest and most choice impressions of each plate he had engraved, and bound them in as many folio volumes, arranged according to the date of each print. To each volume he prefixed two portraits of himself, on the same plate, one an etching, and the other a finished proof, to shew that his talent had not been impaired by years. Each volume, beside a dedication to the king, contains an introduction, which treats on the progress of engraving, and critical remarks on the pictures from which he had engraved. Having made a small collection of paintings in Italy, he published a *Catalogue Raisonné* of them in 1769, 8vo. At the end he added a list of twenty-seven engravings, and the prices he fixed upon them, which amounted in the whole only to 9l. 11s. Fifty-five years afterwards, at the sale of Sir M. M. Sykes, 1824,

thirty-five proof impressions of Strange's engraving produced no less a sum than 190l. 13s. 6d. The print which so greatly enhanced this sum was a portrait of Charles I. standing in his robes, after Vandyck—a choice proof before any letter. Note under the print, 'Given me by the most excellent engraver thereof, M. M. S.' So great was the competition, that it was sold for 51l. 9s. About fifty plates from the most celebrated Italian pictures are distinguished by an intelligent execution, which by the admirable union of the point and graver, produce a vigorous and harmonious effect."

Among the finely engraved portraits which adorn this volume, are Van Voerst, by B. P. Gibbon; Luke Vosterman, by W. Raddon; Wenceslaus Hollar, by W. Skelton; William Faithorne, by J. H. Robinson; R. Tompson, by W. Bond; Hamlet Winstanley, by J. Thomson; Sir Robert Strange, by W. C. Edwards, &c.

In closing our notice of Mr. Dallaway's most interesting publication, we repeat our former declaration, "that he has done great honour to himself, and great service to his country, by having so successfully devoted himself to his laborious though elegant task;" and we beg to congratulate him on its happy completion.

The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick.
Edited by his friend Henry Vernon. 12mo.
pp. 326. London, 1828. Ridgway.

This volume of tales is of the Crayon school, and dedicated to Geoffrey, the first of that name. It contains sixteen sketches of various kinds, including an introduction and a life of the *dit* Wilmot Warwick. To speak fairly of its qualities, we may say, that they are of a pleasing, though rather level class—seldom rising into brilliancy or melting into pathos, but occasionally smart, and sometimes touching. Therefore they may serve well enough to while away an hour of this autumnal weather; and we readily recommend them for that gracious use; giving at the same time a literary slice by way of taste.

The introduction describes Wilmot Warwick as a wandering musician, receiving aid from his old school-fellow and friend Vernon, but without recognition on either side till the former is seized with a fatal malady, and soon after dies, leaving the story of his life and other papers (the tales in question) to the latter. Their meeting is affectingly told: Wilmot, pausing some minutes to regain his composure, says—"Thank God, you will own me, Vernon! As you have acted thus far in my behalf, you will, I am sure, remain my friend to the end. I shall not trouble you long—death has advanced upon the last hold of my existence, and his conquest will be easy and immediate. Often have I arraigned the hard fate which parted us—I have now to bless the good fortune which has brought about this interview, and at last conducted me to your bosom, on which my lacerated heart may repose a few moments, ere it ceases to throb, and leaves me at rest for ever!" "Nay, do not talk in this manner," I replied, "you shall be removed immediately to my residence." The medical attendant shook his head, in token of the impossibility of such a step. "No, my dear Vernon," said Wilmot, smiling, "do not think of that; I shall soon be removed to my own house—the only one I shall have ever had—the only one I have now any hope or wish to inhabit."

"Wilmot just lived through the night, hourly losing strength, yet retaining his faculties, though he spoke but little. Day returned

—but not for him: he had barely time to greet it, when, looking at me for an instant, he faintly uttered his last blessing, and closed his eyes. I felt my hand gently squeezed by that of my expiring friend. It was the last exertion of which his frame was capable; and, but a moment after, the sudden relaxation of its pressure gave evidence that Wilmot and his miseries were parted for ever!"

The life of this unfortunate is not very satisfactorily made out, but, like most of the other stories, has a good deal of the stamp of reality impressed upon its incidents. He is jilted, kills a friend in a duel, and goes to see Macready in Virginius; then takes to guitar-playing, and dies as we have recorded. Among his literary remains there is a portrait of an odd gentleman, which is well drawn;—travelling with him, the other *dramatis personæ* and their adventures are picked up, and strung together in the volume under consideration.

"The odd gentleman might be some fifty years old, with every apparent prospect of living fifty more. There was a compactness in his form, and an uprightness in his manner of bearing it, which at once indicated the full possession of health and bodily vigour; and he would every now and then draw up his chest and throw back his shoulders with something of a martial air, slapping his knee occasionally, and with considerable force, as though to convince all observers that he could both give a cuff and bear one. He was evidently a character, and in his dress something peculiar was observable. He wore a pepper-and-salt coat, cut in some measure after the fashion of the old school, and closed up to the neck with steel buttons. Only a small portion of his cravat was visible, but this, by the way, was of the most snowy whiteness. His breeches were light drab, particularly well made about the knees. A neat ribbed stocking and low gaiter told well upon his well-formed leg, which, ever and anon, he rubbed down and patted, as if he were coaxing a pet spaniel. A low-crowned hat, with a broad brim, completed his dress, which bore throughout the marks of cleanliness and precision. He had only been in the hotel one night, and nobody knew, exactly, who he was; though every one unhesitatingly pronounced him 'a very queer fellow;' and I heard the chamber-maid alluding to him as 'the odd gentleman.' As we drove out of the inn-yard, he gave this same chamber-maid a very odd wink and parting nod, which she returned with corresponding significance, betokening, as I fancied, that their intimacy was just as familiar as their acquaintance had been short. The expression of his face was one of sly good humour, gentlemanly and agreeable, with a spice of mischief in it; an expression which I imagined arose from his having been in the constant habit of winking and leering at the girls from his youth upwards. One eye was a little less open than the other, and the wrinkles which surrounded it gave it a peculiar archness. His mouth was marked by a subdued smile; and his face, altogether, exhibited such a strange medley of gravity, good nature, and roguery, that it was almost impossible to look upon it without an inclination to laugh."

He gives an account of Christmas Night, which is graphic enough, but has nothing particular to recommend it; nor has Twelfth Night, or St. Valentine's Day, any higher pretensions. The Haunted Mill is a better tale; and the Poacher, and the Smuggler, with some parts of a Painter's Narrative, are the most favourable specimens of the author's talents.

The other sketches, such as Gordon, Henry Halworth, the Wig, the Dead Arm, are but mediocre. We should prefer quoting the *Haunted Mill*; but as it is rather too long for us, we must adopt the *Smuggler* as our sample story. The author describes himself as having entered Elmouth, a small fishing town, just as the sun was sinking below the horizon; and he proceeds thus:—

"The madhouse, being in tolerable repair, was decidedly the most cheerful-looking edifice in the village, and I was only at a loss to conceive why so melancholy a situation should have been chosen as suitable to the purposes of the asylum. At the back of the building was a high wall, which appeared to encircle a garden or pleasure-ground for the benefit of the patients; and I walked round it, in the hope of finding some aperture or grating whence I might obtain a view of the interior. Unsuccessful, however, in this attempt, I turned to leave the spot, when my steps were suddenly arrested by the sound of voices within the enclosure; and as the speakers drew nearer to the place which I occupied, I could clearly distinguish their words. One voice was too truly that of some poor female maniac,—the other, that of her keeper. 'Rest assured,' said the latter, 'all will be well. Your husband loves your brother both for your sake and his own; and in due time (though you must summon up all your patience) he will discover him, wherever he may be hidden.' 'Hidden!' exclaimed the female, 'why should my brother hide himself?' 'Doubtless,' answered her keeper, 'to escape the cruelty of the pirates.' 'And if the pirates have him?' 'Your husband still shall effect his rescue.' 'If he do not,' said the female, with that mirthless laugh peculiar to insanity, 'if he do not—his blood—' The keeper emphatically interrupted her threat. 'Nay,' she cried, in a tone almost amounting to a shriek, 'your blood, too, *yours*.' 'Silence, madam!' exclaimed the former, sternly; 'treat your regent with more respect, else,' said he, stamping his foot violently upon the ground, 'in the king's name I shall arraign you on a charge of treason!' Suddenly she became quiet, speaking in a sweetly subdued tone, but in a manner so irrelative, that for some minutes I could scarcely divine any meaning. At length she desired her companion to play upon his flute. He did so. The air was cheerful and plaintive by turns. 'O!' said she, 'that it could speak—speak thus:—saying this, she bade her keeper's attention, and sung as follows:—

"Poor hapless maiden, desolate and lone—
Come hither—hither—sleep upon a breast
Which never yet felt sorrow of its own,
But which can still feel thine, and give thee rest.
Come! at my smile thy many griefs shall fly;
I'll yield thee joy, or share in thy distress;
I'll lull thee with the sighs of sympathy,
And thou shalt wake again to happiness.
For I'm so rich in comfort, nothing more
Can soften waking thoughts or sweeten sleep;
This only now remains to increase my store—
The bliss of weeping oft with those who weep."

"I need scarcely comment on the peculiar qualities of insanity, which frequently endows its victims with a store of fancy, whence they derive a much greater consciousness of wealth, power, or happiness, than the mines of reality ever yield even to the most fortunate among the children of reason. But, alas! in the joys of a maniac we experience nothing reciprocal; and look upon her imaginary happiness as upon the phosphorescent gleam of decay, visibly only when all around is gloom—shining, perhaps brilliantly, but dispensing no light. The reason of this poor girl had evidently been crushed be-

neath the ruin which involved either a husband's or a brother's fate; and the words of her song—so expressive of entire and perfect happiness—were, most probably, an extreme contradiction of all that would have been elicited by sanity and truth. The last words of her song fell indistinctly upon my ear as she retired towards the house. I waited a few moments to discover whether she would again pass by; but all was silence, save the turret clock, which, sounding the hour of nine, reminded me that the distance of a league and a half separated me from my bed-chamber. Determining to revisit this place at another and more seasonable time, for the purpose of making some inquiry into the history of one who had so deeply interested me, I directed my steps homeward. It was a lovely night; and the moon, nearly in the full, shone with more than usual splendour. Every now and then a light cloud passed like a thin veil over her disk, borne rapidly on by the rising breeze, which had already curled the wave, and set the breakers in commotion. I walked forward with divided attention; now gazing with admiration upon the noble cliffs which reared their darkened profiles against the deep blue sky; and then, recurring with melancholy reflection to the subject of the poor maniac. I had proceeded a considerable distance, when I suddenly espied a man in the dress of an officer of the preventive service, who, at a more moderate pace than mine, was walking the same way; and being of a somewhat sociable turn (particularly when I take late walks in lonely situations), I quickened my steps, and soon came up with him. 'Hallo!' said he, turning short round as he heard my steps, 'friend or foe?' 'Certainly no foe,' I replied; 'but willing to be your companion to Elmouth, if you be going that way.' 'Which I am,' said he, 'and shall be happy in your society.' 'Pray, how far may we be,' I inquired, 'from the place of our destination?' 'Why,' said he, pointing towards the summit of the cliff, 'that gibbet is the half-way mark betwixt Elmouth and ———:' (the extremes of my ramble.) I looked up, and perceived the gibbet to which my companion had pointed. It bore the skeleton of a man, which swung to and fro in the wind, and creaked loudly with every motion. On passing the spot previously, this frightful warning of justice had escaped my observation; but it now appeared doubly conspicuous, suspended as it was in dark relief against the light of the moon. 'Ah,' said my companion, 'that's been the way with Dick Darwell for many a year, during a seafaring life of daring and danger. For fifteen years he acknowledged no ruler but the winds, and since his death (now nearly half that time) he has been keeping up the game upon the gibbet.' 'And what is his history?' 'I will inform you briefly,' replied the narrator, who thus proceeded:—'It is pretty generally known, I believe, that old Darwell—the father of yon hanging carcase—was an old brute, whose temper was such as to render home the least desirable place in the world to his children, consisting of a boy and girl. The latter was fortunate enough to escape his tyranny in some measure, by an early marriage with a Captain Hardy—one of my craft—an officer in the preventive service, commanding the *Dragon* cutter: but poor Dick remained to suffer under a double share of wanton austerity, while his sister, who loved him dearly, feared even to commiserate, much more to defend him. Dick, however, was not unable to fight his own battles; on the contrary, he partook of his father's violence, though he never evinced it

except in retaliation. He saw people for all sides ready to defend him, but was loath to embroil any one in his disputes; and, perhaps, knew too well the impregnability of his father's heart, which would rather acquire rancour from being opposed, than permit the intrusions of humanity. Many and violent had been their quarrels: at length the son, unable any longer either to bear his father's impetuosity or to curb his own, ran away; and old Darwell, when it was too late, became more inclined to think and feel as a parent should have done. The loss and uncertain fate of her brother greatly embittered the days of Mrs. Hardy, who had otherwise lived happily in the society of her husband. Yet, even here, she had much to agitate her. The occasional dangers to which Captain Hardy was subject in the fulfilment of his duties excited her constant apprehension; while his frequent absence from home contributed to her uneasiness. Many were the sighs which followed her brother's self-banishment; and neither the sight nor mention of her father was calculated to enliven her reflections. Had death been the separator, time might have restored to the affectionate sister her comfort and peace of mind; but it was *doubt* which worried her: and the melancholy probability of her brother having committed suicide would occasionally force itself upon her thoughts, and make her doubly miserable. Captain Hardy had only just recovered from a severe wound received in the chase of a smuggler, when secret information was given him concerning the re-appearance of the same vessel within two leagues of his station. Foiled in his previous attempt, though with no loss of honour, he determined this time on more efficacious exertion; and, tearing himself away from the arms of his disconsolate wife (who now, more than ever, despaired of seeing him return in safety), he once again took the command of his service-tried cutter. It was night when they put off, and blowing stiffly from the shore, so that they had much ado to keep within the bearing of a headland, which, as they were led to understand, covered the position of the smuggler. They were not mistaken in their course; but, on doubling the promontory, the object of their search was no where visible. Apprised of their situation, the smugglers had taken advantage of the wind and put out to sea. Disappointed, but yet not hopeless of success, Hardy, striking a random course, continued the pursuit; and at break of day, to his great joy, came in sight of the enemy. At noon he arrived within shot, and received immediate proof of the smuggler's intention to risk an engagement. Every thing, indeed, had been favourable for necessary preparation on the part of the latter, and a well-directed hail from her stern chaser brought down a sailor from the rigging of the *Dragon*. Hardy had the courage of a lion, but not, perhaps, the coolness fitting a commander; and, bearing onward beneath a heavy fire, he soon came alongside the smuggler—fixed the grappling iron with his own hand—and was the first to board her. The captains met hand to hand; but, after a short conflict, were separated in the confusion of the fray. Hardy's sword, however, fell with mortal force upon two of his antagonists, and in the course of ten minutes the smuggler's deck was in the possession of our officers! Among the vanquished dead which lay around, the chief smuggler and several of his crew were not to be discovered; and the conquerors had scarcely time to rattle the deck, when a shot from the *Dragon* struck Hardy, and the fight was renewed on board

his own vessel. The contest, however, was too unequal to be of long duration, and the lawless captain, after a furious resistance, was secured a prisoner. Seeing the impossibility of making any stand on board his own ship, he had taken advantage of the smoke and confusion, leaped into a boat at her unengaged side, and, together with three of his desperate comrades, had moved round to the stern of the Dragon, and ascended her deck unobserved. Hardy fell to rise no more; but, ere he breathed his last, the exulting shout of victory blessed his ears, and he now only desired to part from life upon the deck of the Dragon. Having invoked the aid of Heaven in behalf of his beloved wife, he would have gazed upon the captive author of her widowhood, but death prevented it; and he closed his eyes for ever, unknowing that he had been instrumental to the seizure of one, whom, only a few years back, he had deeply loved, and whose memory he had ever fondly cherished. I need scarcely add that he had fallen by the hand of his brother-in-law—the self-abandoned Darwell! Mrs. Hardy was among the first who saw the victorious Dragon towing its prize into port. But what, alas! was victory to her? and where was she to find consolation for the loss with which it had been purchased? Death would most likely have relieved her from a prolongation of her misery, if the last sad horror which awaited her had not been sufficient to deprive her of reason. The sight of her husband's murderer effected this; but she is now ignorant that the gibbeted bones of a British smuggler are those of her once-loved brother! You have seen the *one* sad object;—if you enter the private madhouse at —, you may behold the other!"

We have only to add, that there are several little poetical productions scattered through these pages, similar to the piece above quoted.

An Account of an Egyptian Mummy presented to the Museum of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society, by the late James Blayds, Esq. Drawn up at the request of the Council, by William Osburn, jun. F.R.S.L., Secretary to the Society. With an Appendix, containing the Chemical and Anatomical Details of the Examination of the Body. By Messrs. E. S. George, F.L.S. Secretary to the Society; T. P. Teale; and R. Hey. Pp. 51, with Five Plates.

THE attention of the public has of late been much directed to the subject of Egyptian literature and antiquities, in consequence of the important discoveries of our worthy countryman Dr. Young, and of M. Champollion. The learned and indefatigable Dr. Young, in the year 1814, turned his attention to the Rosetta Stone; and by a patient and continued application in comparing the three inscriptions, succeeded in deciphering the hieroglyphic and enchorial texts. The doctor demonstratively proved the existence of a phonetic alphabet, in the hieroglyphic character, from the proper names on the stone; and published the result of his discoveries in the *Museum Criticum*, and subsequently in the Supplement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. This system was taken up and extended by M. Champollion, and fully corroborated by the researches of Mr. Salt* in

Egypt, so that the matter is put beyond the possibility of a doubt, by the labours of these gentlemen. While stating our belief in the correctness of the principle upon which they have gone, we beg to be understood as being far from subscribing to *all* that Champollion has advanced, although we admit that he has done much to merit the approbation of learned men. We lately announced to the public the departure of this gentleman to Egypt, to pursue his researches, and we have now great pleasure in bringing before our readers a small pamphlet, entitled "an Account of an Egyptian Mummy," &c. We are informed in the advertisement, that the mummy was presented to the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society by the late John Blayds, esq., "which appears to possess greater claims to consideration than ordinarily belongs to monuments of this description," so that the council requested the author to draw up an account of it, which he has executed in a perspicuous and masterly manner.

The first part of the work contains a description of it, from which we make the following curious and interesting extract.

"A wreath or fillet was discovered on the breast (of the mummy), exactly resembling in form the collars which are constantly represented round the necks of Egyptian figures. It consists of two garlands: the upper one is composed of nine strings, each of which is double; a row of red berries strung upon a straw, or stalk, is connected at intervals of eight berries, with another string, by little loops of the same material; to this last string, which is a thickish stalk, are sewed the petals of the lotus flower: each petal, neatly folded, being bent over the string, and completely secured in its place by two very thin stalks which pass on each side of it, and cross each other after the manner of wicker-work. The lower garland consists of nine single strings, all of them having the petals of the lotus sewed to them as before; but on the two higher ones, or those next the throat, a small compound globular flower is enclosed within each petal, and stands just above it. The execution of these intricate pieces of flower-work is very neat and accurate."

On removing the bandages of the head and face, a singular ornament was discovered, made of red leather, in the form of a lotus flower, with figures and hieroglyphs upon it, evidently stamped with hot metal types, drawings of which are given in the work.

"The operation of unwrapping being continued, several pieces of linen were found laid upon the body. One of the finest of these pieces proved, on examination, to be a perfect garment. It is of a very simple form, being merely a piece of cloth doubled and seamed together on two sides like a bag: the aperture answering to the collar is cut out and hemmed round; it has no sleeves, but the garment itself must have reached nearly to the elbow, where it was probably confined by some means. The holes for the arms are hemmed round like the collar. Round the bottom is a fringe about an inch and a half in breadth. It is unquestionably the kind of Egyptian garment described by Herodotus, under the name of *calasiris*: 'Ενδύματα δὲ κίτωνα λινίου, ἀπὸ τὰ σκέλα διαφανέως εἰς καλίστρας καλίστρας."

The next part contains an explanation of the mythological paintings on the case, and of the hieroglyphic inscriptions, in which much learn-

ing and research are displayed. The two succeeding portions of the work are occupied in describing the name of the deceased, and the hieroglyphs on the red leather: from these it appears, that the individual there preserved was the priest Natsif-amon, a contemporary of Remeses V. the last monarch of the eighteenth dynasty of the kings of Egypt, whose reign commenced more than 3300 years ago.

The Appendix displays much chemical knowledge and scientific research. We can fully recommend the work to the lovers of Egyptian antiquities as well worth their attention; and feel justified in saying, that it does honour to the council of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society and to the gentlemen concerned in its production.

Dr. Granville's Travels in Russia.

Mr. Rae Wilson's Travels, &c.

BECAUSE we have yoked these two authors together, it must not be supposed either that we meant to contrast or to compare them, though instances both of contrast and comparison must occur as we accompany them over the same ground, and attend to their descriptions of the same things. But the union was formed simply for our convenience, to save room, to avoid repetitions, and to place matters in as correct and luminous a form as we could before our readers.

As a book for tourists to consult, Dr. Granville's is certainly a very superior guide; and its ornaments, about fifty in number, are another great recommendation to it. At St. Petersburg, under the auspices of that amiable and accomplished nobleman, Count Woronzow, he enjoyed opportunities of seeing more than any writer upon that city with whom we are acquainted: and his introduction to the Empress Mother seems to have facilitated his entrance to most of the public institutions (so largely indebted to her patronage), and obtained for him a knowledge of their interior organisation and management, of which he has made a very excellent use in this work. Dr. Clarke and Dr. Lyall, it may be remembered, say very little of the northern capital; the latter especially addressing himself to the description of Moscow and its inhabitants. It thus happens that Dr. Granville's is by far the most ample and best account of the former city which we have seen, though we have charged him with prolixity in other parts of his journal. Having in candour offered these remarks, we may proceed with our double Review.

On their way to Russia from Berlin, both our travellers pursued the same route; and we will stop with them at a few of the posts, in order to ascertain how different people get over the same road, and agree or disagree about the same objects. Of Marienburg castle, Mr. Wilson tells us—

"The view of Marienburg, with a most conspicuous pile of building on a height, bore a strong resemblance to the town of Upsala, in Sweden, and the prodigious edifice overhanging it. This structure is of enormous extent, surrounded by a moat, and forms, internally, a quadrangular court, one side of which is formed by a large church. One window of the church is fitted up with an effigy of the Virgin Mary, twenty feet in height. Great part of this place had been converted by the French into magazines; but various improvements were going on to restore it to its former consequence. One side of it is in the highest order and beauty. Among the apartments were banquet-halls, council-rooms, chapels, &c. The

* See Essay on Dr. Young's and M. Champollion's Phonetic System of Hieroglyphics, &c. &c. by Mr. Salt, and addressed to the Right Hon. C. Yorke, &c. pp. 72; published by Messrs. Longman, about three years ago. In this Mr. S. added the names of Arminio and Philp to the important phonetic keys previously discovered; and also developed many Roman names. Indeed this work, with its elucidatory plates, is a complete and valuable information; and must form a portion of every study where the

windows of the latter consisted entirely of stained glass, representing scriptural subjects; and they were also richly emblazoned with coats of arms. One of these, which had under it the name of Hohenlohe, was probably that of some ancestor of the celebrated miracle-worker. In the banqueting-hall, the roof is supported by a single column of granite. When the Poles wished to *retake* this castle, a red bonnet was held out at a window opposite to the pillar, as a signal in what direction to fire, it being supposed that if a ball struck the column, the whole roof would necessarily be instantly demolished. In the hall was a kind of sideboard of stone, in a recess communicating with a separate apartment, where the dishes used to be handed in, and a groove was cut to drain off whatever might be spilled. Another magnificent hall is that where the knights assemble, which is ninety-seven feet long, forty-eight broad, and twenty-five in height, and is supported by six pillars in the centre. There are eight windows on one side looking towards the river, and six on the other, all filled with beautiful stained glass."

After perusing this, with all its blundering changes of the verbs from *is* to *was*, and from past to present, the reader is about as well informed as before he began. "The knights" are mentioned without a previous hint of who or what they were, or rather are, for Mr. Wilson says the hall is that where they "assemble!" Will it be guessed that he is speaking of the Teutonic order of the 13th and two later centuries? Dr. G. may fill up the hiatus.

"The precise time in which this castle was built is not sufficiently known. As a simple citadel, it was in existence as far back as the close of the thirteenth century. It was then the residence of one of the officers of the religious order of chivalry, called *Teutonic*, from its being composed of Germans, *Teutones*. In 1281 it was greatly enlarged by the addition of that part which was afterwards known under the name of the ancient castle. The grand-master of the order, Godfrey de Hohenlohe, having visited Prussia, and found the knights in that country in a flourishing condition, transferred the seat of the grand-master from Venice to the castle of Marienburg, which he at the same time caused to be considerably enlarged. This translocation of the principal and grand sojourner was approved of, and confirmed by an encampment of the knights held at Elbing, on which occasion many of the propositions of the grand-master being opposed, he resigned his high office, and retired in disgust from Marienburg. His successor built the middle and lower castle, as he found the existing edifice insufficient for the accommodation of the splendid and numerous retinue of himself and others. Succeeding grand-masters built the church of Notre-Dame in the immediate vicinity of the castle, which is still in existence, and forms a very prominent feature in the romantic landscape of these ruins. After half a century of repose, in the year 1410, Marienburg was surrounded and vigorously attacked by Jagellon, king of Poland, at the head of a considerable army; and it was during this siege that a plan was formed by some Bohemian brethren of the order, living in the castle, for the total destruction of the knights. These traitors, corrupted by the gold of the Polish king, promised to give a signal whenever the whole chapter should be assembled in the grand hall of the council, in order that the Polish artillery-men might fire a cannon-shot in the direction of the centre of that hall, in hopes that the single pillar, which supports the

many ribbed arches of its vaulted roof, might be carried away, and thus crush at one blow the whole confraternity. The signal was given by shewing a red cap out of one of the upper casements of the building facing the Polish army. The shot was fired, but passed by the pillar at a short distance from it, and lodged in the upper part of the farthest wall, where it is to be seen to this day. The castellan, who accompanied us, took care to point out to our attention this memorable shot; and in narrating the preceding tradition, added, that the safety of the order on that occasion was attributed to the intervention of a miraculous image of the blessed Mary, which was at that time in a chapel belonging to the castle. The besieging army soon after broke up their camp and retired, leaving the knights in the full enjoyment of their lordly domain for the space of thirty years more; during which time they were guilty of every species of tyranny and vexation, respecting neither the personal liberty nor the property of the neighbouring people; and trampling equally under foot the laws of justice and decorum. Galled and disgusted at the abominations of the knight-monks, the neighbouring burghers entered at last into a coalition against them, brought mercenary troops to combat them, and having claimed the assistance of Casimir, king of Poland, in 1457, the latter took possession of Marienburg, and drove the grand-master from the castle. That officer retired to Dirschau, on the left bank of the Vistula, and left behind him the relics and sacred paraphernalia of the order. The treaty of Thorn, concluded in 1466, confirmed the possession of this fortified place to the crown of Poland, to which it continued to belong for upwards of three centuries. Since that time it was, once and again, taken by the Swedes, retaken by the Poles, and ultimately made an integral part of the Prussian dominions, under the great Frederick. In the year 1644, that portion which was called the Old Castle became a prey to the flames, and was levelled to the ground, even to the subterranean chambers. The interior of what remains standing has lately been put in complete repair, by order, and under the immediate superintendence, and, I believe, at the expense, of Prince William of Prussia, who with a laudable zeal for antiquities, and great respect for the relics of former times of glory existing in his royal father's dominions, has of late years undertaken to restore and keep up the most celebrated and interesting remains of Gothic architecture. In the present instance the prince's taste and judgment are alike conspicuous. We examined every part of this extensive building, preceded by the castellan, carrying a heavy bunch of massive keys, under the action of which, portals, secret pannels, and trap-doors, suddenly gave way to admit us through lengthened corridors, lined with the cells of the knight-monks, into their halls, their dormitories, and refectory, and down into the subterranean caverns, where we remarked parts of the building resembling tombs, deep wells, and dungeons. Filled with the reflections which such scenes were calculated to excite, we returned, with minds but ill-disposed, to view with admiration some of the relics and sacred vases belonging to the order, now preserved in the chapel, into which we were also introduced."

Respecting the people of Königsberg, our travellers agree to a nicety. "The manners and mode of living of the inhabitants partake as little of modern refinement as the houses they occupy," says Mr. Wilson. "The inhabitants themselves, in dress and appearance,

seem as far removed from the present age as their habitations," says Dr. Granville. But Mr. Wilson goes a little farther; for he states, that the women employed in needle-work in the streets casting often "a *roguish* glance on the passengers," is a "custom which says more for the *simplicity* of the people of K. than for their refinement or taste for intellectual pursuits"! On leaving this place we find both travellers discussing the merits and demerits of the three roads to Memel, and finally adopting the same way. Mr. Wilson's mention of this route is in his usual style, but worthy of quotation for its *wildness*.* "In one place the road passed through a gloomy wood of birch and pine for eight miles together; and in this rude and savage tract are to be found wolves, stags, wild beasts, serpents (three feet in length), and venomous reptiles. *Wild* strawberries grow most profusely in the woods, and are gathered by the peasants, who present them to travellers for a trifle. On emerging from this scene of *wildness*, the cultivated landscape looked doubly pleasing from the contrast. Here the fields were neatly enclosed with wooden palings, formed of trees sloped and fixed to two upright pieces about twelve feet asunder; at the bottom of which, turf is piled up about two feet in height, and secured by pieces of wood on each side. The country now became bare, and the crops were prodigiously behind in growth, considering the advanced season. We saw many storks standing two and two, looking at each other in their proud and erect attitude."

This is a unique landscape, and the finishing touch of the storks gazing at each other quite picturesque. Methinks, as Hamlet almost says, we see them now. Dr. Granville oddly enough designates this *wild* tract of his brother tourist, beyond Labiau, "*antediluvian fields*," but what he means we cannot tell; surely the storks are not antediluvian?

At Tilsit, Mr. W. tells us the famous raft on which Alexander and Buonaparte met was 200 yards above the bridge; Dr. Granville says it was a few yards from the bridge. And now, passing Memel, both travellers enter the dominions of Russia, where their different receptions appear to have caused them to view things in very opposite lights. At Polangen, the frontier town of Russia, poor Mr. Wilson was visited by a misery of authorship such as is not recorded by D'Israeli. "The gate (he says) was opened by an officer, and a filthy, surly Cossack, wrapped up in a brown coat, and with huge, bushy whiskers, beard, and mustaches, holding a naked sword, and assuming an air of official superiority. At Polangen all the luggage was taken to a house occupied by the douaniers; and every article was turned out, handled, and examined. We were prepared to find great jealousy exercised on the part of the Russians towards books, especially such, however trifling, as treated in any way of this country; and had therefore abstained from bringing any. Their suspicion of such articles had been of late greatly increased by publications speaking unreservedly on the subject of the Russian empire. I had but one book in my portmanteau, and this was a volume of my travels in the Holy Land, which was intended as a present to the emperor. It was, however, instantly seized upon: the officers took it into another room, and shut the door; but it being in the English language,

* We ought to have mentioned, perhaps, the chief piece of news he tells us of Königsberg, before quitting it—viz. that a goose may be bought for sixpence. We should not think it quite safe to travel there.

[evidently a boast,—for we never saw a book of Mr. Wilson's in that language.] they could not tell what were its contents, and demanded the nature of the publication. On my Russian servant informing them that it was for his imperial majesty, and that if they chose they might attach the lead to it [as if not heavy enough before], with the official mark, and send it to St. Petersburg, they again held a consultation, and sent for the principal douanier. We were then ordered into the apartment, where was a most ferocious-looking fellow with a drawn sword, whose appearance was well calculated to inspire awe: he stood on one side, in an erect attitude like a statue, beside an enormous pair of scales suspended from the ceiling; and after much conversation, through the medium of my interpreter, the volume was returned."

The danger of losing his treasure seems to have utterly soured Mr. Wilson's generally kind and complacent temper. His passport is found wrong, and he is vexatiously detained till he can send it back to Memel to be rectified; and all the while he is obliged to put up with the horrid accommodations of Polangen.* "Patience (he pathetically exclaims) being now our only remedy, we proceeded to an inn kept by a Jew, where we found ourselves surrounded by beings totally different in looks, dress, and manners, from any we had hitherto met with. The houses are built entirely of wood; and one side of the street is inhabited by the Hebrew race, the other by Cossacks. * * * In this wretched place we were obliged to continue the remainder of the day, without any means of whiling away the time, in an apartment that was the very picture of desolation, and where we were sadly annoyed by vermin. * * * Notwithstanding we had a passport granted by the Russian authority at London, which had been examined and signed by the Russian consul at Memel, the police-master thought fit to furnish us with a *podoroshna*, permitting us to proceed to St. Petersburg, for which we paid 23 rubles, or 19s. sterling. These *podoroshnas* form no inconsiderable item in the 'ways and means' of this country. Being now assured, in the language of the knight of the whip, that things were 'all right,' we left this deplorable inn, after being sadly annoyed by vermin, and surrounded with filth."

With Dr. Granville, on the contrary, Polangen was quite another sort of place. "The servants were left to attend to the necessary ceremony of visiting every part of the baggage, which occupied about two hours, while we proceeded to the post-house in the village, kept by a Jew, the place being mostly inhabited by people of that nation. There, for the first time, we experienced the luxury of a travelling French cook and *batterie de cuisine*, which

* Polangen is famous for its trade in amber: "This substance is found by the inhabitants on the coast, between Polangen and Pillau, either loosely on the shore, on which it has been thrown by the strong north and westerly winds, or in small hillocks of sand near the sea, where it is found in regular strata. The quantity found yearly in this manner, and on this small extent of coast, besides what little is sometimes discovered in beds of pit coal in the interior of the country, is said to amount [it] from 150 to 200 tons, yielding a revenue to the government of Prussia of about 150,000 francs. As amber is much less in vogue in Western Europe than in former times, the best pieces, which are very transparent, and frequently weigh as much as three ounces, are sent to Turkey and Persia, for the heads of their expensive pipes and hookahs. Very few trinkets are now sold for ornaments to ladies' dresses; and the great bulk of amber annually found is converted into a species of scented spirits and oil, which are much esteemed for the composition of delicate varnish. In the rough state, amber is sold by the tun, and forms an object of export trade from Memel and Königsberg."—Granville.

until now had been useless appendages to our equipage. That most useful person had preceded us on this occasion, and prepared a delightful little repast, which was improved by the excellent wheaten bread to be got in the place. * * * We soon found ourselves at liberty to proceed. It has often been asserted by English travellers, that the *douane* on this frontier is vexatious and unusually strict, and that every thing is turned out, handled, and examined. To judge from my own experience, I should say that the system is as like that followed by the officers at Dover as any two systems can be. There also, as I know to my cost, every article was turned out, handled, and examined with perfect civility, on my return to England; and with baggage, consisting of a couple of imperials only, after experiencing a delay of nearly two hours, I found myself taxed to the amount of nineteen pounds, although I had not a single article of merchandise. At Polangen, on the contrary, with the same quantity of baggage, and a great many medical books, I had not a single kopeck to pay, even after the severest scrutiny of the contents of my imperials. * * * It is incredible how rapidly the amount of revenue derived from the Polangen custom-house has been increasing in the last six years. In 1822 it was less than three thousand roubles; in 1827 it was little short of one million of the same money. How will political economists explain this phenomenon? The *podoroshna*, according to the doctor, "is a mere order for horses chargeable with a tax, addressed to post-masters, perfectly distinct from a passport, and granted by the governor-general of the province or government, in the name of the emperor. The produce which this source of revenue yields to government serves to keep up, in part, the posting establishments. The charge for horses is so low, that without some extra resource and assistance, post-masters could not exist. The charge paid on the delivery of the *podoroshna* is calculated on the number of horses which it is intended to take on the journey, and on the whole distance in versts."

Apropos of *versts*.—Mr. Wilson (page 167) declares that a verst is three quarters of an English mile; Dr. Granville (page 379) asserts that it is one third of two English miles: by this measurement, Dr. Granville would travel 60 miles where Mr. Wilson would travel 67½, a difference of about ten per cent, that would be felt upon so long a road, both in additional expense and fatigue. And this sort of difference seems to have attended our authors throughout. The floating bridge over the Dwina near Riga is, according to Mr. Wilson, 2600 feet long, and forty in breadth: Dr. Granville relates that he found it much shortened, for it measured "710 paces, which give a length equal to 1600 feet,"—one thousand less than Mr. Wilson's estimate. At Riga itself, however, there is a striking agreement between the writers; so striking, that we have no hesitation in believing that Dr. G. refreshed his memory from Mr. Wilson's book.

"The church of St. James, adjoining this, is built of brick, with a tower, tapering spire, and a roof of copper. That of St. Peter is of considerable magnitude, being 272 feet long by 116 wide. The pulpit is entirely of marble, and from an inscription on it, appears to have been the gift of an individual [interesting intelligence]. It is surmounted by an angel, also of marble, holding a gilt olive branch in the right hand; and St. Peter is represented on it in front with a book and keys. There is a candelabrum here of extraordinary dimensions, it being fifteen feet

in height and twelve in circumference, and it has three stages of branches for lights. From the summit of the steeple, which for its elegance and proportions is considered one of the best structures of the kind in Russia, is a fine view of the city: the bustle on the quays, and the numerous vessels, contribute much to the liveliness of the scene, while the windings of the Dwina, and the islands with which it is studded, form a beautiful landscape in the back-ground. The horizon is bounded for about two thirds of its circumference with dark forests."—Wilson, p. 187.

"From the top of the tower of the church of St. Peter, the view of the town, and the small territory around it, bounded by extensive and impenetrable dark forests of firs and pines, is imposing. The eye wanders as far as the Baltic, and plainly distinguishes the bay, where are seen riding at anchor several large vessels, many of them bearing the English colours."—Granville, p. 393.

Again, at Dorpat, we discover strong resemblance:—

"Dorpat, or Dörpt, as it is sometimes written, lies on the river Embeck."—Wilson, p. 199.

"After changing horses five different times, we reached Dorpat, or, as it is frequently written, Dörpt."—Granville, p. 399.

"The principal building, a college, which was founded in 1805, and finished about 1809, is a large pile 250 feet (German) in length, by sixty in depth; but independently of its Doric portico, slightly projecting in the centre, it has little pretensions to elegance, the rest of the front being without any architectural ornaments, and the windows quite naked. It is built of brick, coated with stucco, and has a heavy roof of sheet iron."—Wilson, p. 200.

"The principal college of the university is a large building, upwards of two hundred feet in length, with an unpretending and unadorned elevation, having a Doric portico in front. It is built of brick plastered over, and its roof is covered with sheets of iron."—Granville, p. 402.

Accident never led two persons to write two such sentences as these, without the one consulting the other; and we mention the coincidence, not as a censure on Dr. Granville, who, producing an ample itinerary of some 1400 pages from a journey of only four months, was bound to consult, and must have consulted, preceding travellers—but to justify our own opinion, which has been questioned on this point. But we will pursue this comparison of coincidences, or of contradictions, no farther than by adding one example, which mingles both, and which we leave to our readers to reconcile as they can.

The winter palace at St. Petersburg "is nearly square, and has its principal front towards the Neva. The length of this building is 150 feet, and its depth 350. It consists of two orders, Ionic and Corinthian; but is by no means an elegant specimen of architecture, being erected in a very heavy, uncouth style, and although possessing a certain degree of grandeur, distinguished by no beauty."—Wilson, p. 228-9.

"This great and imposing structure has a square form, three sides of which are unconnected with any other building. The north side, or that which presents its front to the Neva, is 721 feet in extent, one-fourth of which line, at each extremity, projects twenty-four feet from the centre. It is composed of a basement story of the Ionic order, surmounted by a principal and a second story or attic of the Corinthian order. The roof is surrounded by

a light balustrade adorned with vases and statues."—*Granville*, p. 531-2.

From these we learn that this palace is of a square form; but whether good or bad in architecture, and whether its front to the Neva is 721 or 227 feet, who can tell?

In order to diversify this paper, we again refer to Dr. Granville's entertaining sketches of St. Petersburg.

"In the course of my conversation with some of the oldest noblemen of the court, I learned that Russian society among the great was considered to have improved materially since it had lost the pompons and almost kingly style of living which characterised it during the reign of Catherine. On one of these occasions, I was informed by a grand officer of the court, who had been a frequent eye-witness to the facts he described, that the late chancellor of all the orders of knighthood in Russia, and grand chamberlain, Monsieur Naryshkine, lived, when resident in that capital, in the greatest magnificence. He was the last of those Russian noblemen who almost vied with their sovereign in the splendour of their mansion, their equipage, and their entertainments. His house, which was on a large scale, was thrown open every evening from dusk till a late hour, and filled to excess, although upwards of twenty spacious rooms were used on the occasion. Here every thing that could seduce the imagination, please the eye, and satisfy the appetite of a very Apicius, was to be found in profusion. To the individual fond of staking his thousands on the turn of a card or the throw of a die, the accommodation was unlimited. In affording this facility to his guests, the grand chamberlain was not singular, as high play is of all times and of all nations. Music, both vocal and instrumental, entertained the many who either liked it, or affected to do so. Dancing, lounging, talking aloud, boisterous laughing, soft whisperings, agreeable *rencontres*, and even intellectual conversation, with the incessant to and fro bustling of laced attendants, obeying the least sign or token of command, presented a spectacle not to be met with at present in any of the residences of the great in St. Petersburg, although by no means rare at that time. Naryshkine's great delight was to fill his mansion. The morning was often spent in seeking for people to whom he could address an invitation; and when once introduced, every guest was heartily welcomed whenever he chose to attend. It was in this assemblage of all that is rich, gay, great, and illustrious, that the finest of their sex in St. Petersburg might often be found. At a late hour, a magnificent supper was served on the grandest scale imaginable. My informant, who had been in the confidence of the noble master of the house, and in the habit of frequenting it almost every night, assures me that the expense of such entertainments could not have been less than twenty thousand rubles daily, and that every other part of his establishment was costly in proportion. The fortune of this extraordinary nobleman was immense."

[To be continued.]

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.—NO. II.

In Dr. Channing's eloquent pamphlets* he displays both great command of language and great capacity of mind. His analysis of the character of Buonaparte is discriminating and profound; and especially dispels, in the most

* The original habitat of these papers is the *Christian Examiner*, a Boston periodical.

complete manner, that remarkable delusion, upon which, republicans, of all men, so long and so pertinaciously upheld the cause of despotism. The little work more recently published is a sequel to that masterly production, and goes into the general consideration of "Power and Greatness." It sets off, as a sportsman would say, at score, and rather startles us with abrupt aphorisms—almost paradoxes. Of Napoleon it is declared: "The love of power, that common principle, explains, in a great degree, his character and life. His crimes did not spring from any passion or impulse peculiar to himself. With all his contempt of the human race, he still belonged to it." Now, we acknowledge that we cannot comprehend these three short sentences. The first is plain enough; the second seems to imply, that Buonaparte sinned from a common principle inherent in our natures, and carried to excess by him; but it is running wild to go farther, and put the converse, viz. that he was consequently not an individual of a separate and distinct order, governed by superhuman or unhuman passions, but one of our species, and absolutely belonged to it. Every man belongs to the race of men; and it is a piece of idle jargon (which we notice in this high quarter, because it has become offensively prevalent with all the would-be philosophers and metaphysicians of the day) to speak about persons, as if any one could suppose they were demons or angels, or perhaps half crocodiles and half alligators, like a Kentuckian. We pass, however, to an example which will place the writer's abilities in a juster light.

"There is another power over men, very different from this; a power, not to quicken and elevate, but to crush and subdue—a power which robs men of the free use of their nature, takes them out of their own hands, and compels them to bend to another's will. This is the sway which men grasp at most eagerly, and which it is our great purpose to expose. To reign, to give laws, to clothe their own wills with omnipotence, to annihilate all other wills, to spoil the individual of that self-direction which is his most precious right; this has ever been deemed by multitudes the highest prize for competition and conflict. The most envied men are those who have succeeded in prostrating multitudes, in subjecting whole communities, to their single will. It is the love of this power, in all its forms, which we are anxious to hold up to reprobation. If any crime should be placed by society beyond pardon, it is this. This power has been exerted most conspicuously and perniciously by two classes of men—the priest or minister of religion, and the civil ruler. Both rely on the same instruments; that is, pain or terror; the first calling to his aid the fires and torments of the future world, and practising on the natural dread of invisible powers; and the latter availing himself of chains, dungeons, and gibbets, in the present life. Through these terrible applications, man has in all ages and in almost every country been made, in a greater or less degree, a slave and machine; been shackled in all his faculties, and degraded into a tool of others' wills and passions. The influence of almost every political and religious institution has been to make man abject in mind, fearful, servile, a mechanical repeater of opinions which he dares not try, and a contributor of his toil, sweat, and blood, to governments which never dreamed of the general weal as their only legitimate end. On the immense majority of men thus wronged and enslaved, the consciousness of their own nature has not yet dawned; and the

doctrine, that each has a mind worth more than the material world, and framed to grow for ever by a self-forming, self-directing energy, is still a secret, a mystery."

The force and truth of this picture will be owned by every intelligent being who looks abroad, even in our braggart and enlightened era—yet it is easier to see the evil than to amend it; and wise men go on, accommodating themselves to it in the ways most agreeable to themselves, without stirring up revolutions, which generally end in leaving matters pretty nearly as they found them—that is to say, great changes in property, and in the relative situation of ranks; but none whatever in moral principles, or in the nature of the active agents who have acquired the glorious right to govern the welfare of their fellow-creatures and study their own inclinations. The farce is only repeated with a change of characters; and will be, for generations to come, notwithstanding the march of intellect and the concomitant march of ridicule. There is much more that we might well cite to justify our praises of Dr. Channing, but one piece must suffice.

"It is the distinction of republican institutions, that whilst they compel the passion for power to moderate its pretensions, and to satisfy itself with more limited gratifications, they tend to spread it more widely through the community, and to make it a universal principle. The doors of office being opened to all, crowds burn to rush in. A thousand hands are stretched out to grasp the reins which are denied to none. Perhaps in this boasted and boasting land of liberty, not a few, if called to state the chief good of a republic, would place it in this; that every man is eligible to every office, and that the highest places of power and trust are prizes for universal competition. The superiority attributed by many to our institutions, is, not that they secure the greatest freedom, but give every man a chance of ruling; not that they reduce the power of government within the narrowest limits which the safety of the state admits, but throw it into as many hands as possible. The despot's great crime is thought to be, that he keeps the delight of dominion to himself, that he makes a monopoly of it, whilst our more generous institutions, by breaking it into parcels, and inviting the multitude to scramble for it, spread this joy more widely. The result is, that political ambition infects our country, and generates a feverish restlessness and discontent, which, to the monarchist, may seem more than a balance for our forms of liberty. The spirit of intrigue, which in absolute governments is confined to courts, walks abroad through the land; and as individuals can accomplish no political purposes single handed, they band themselves into parties, ostensibly framed for public ends, but aiming only at the acquisition of power. The nominal sovereign, that is, the people, like all other sovereigns, is courted and flattered, and told that it can do [no] wrong. Its pride is pampered, its passions inflamed, its prejudices made inveterate. Such are the processes by which other republics have been subverted, and he must be blind who cannot trace them among ourselves. We mean not to exaggerate our dangers. We rejoice to know, that the improvements of society oppose many checks to the love of power. But every wise man who sees its workings must dread it as our chief foe."

There is too much for reflection suggested by this brief extract to require any comment or commendation of ours.

Of Mr. Willis's volume of poems, it is not

requisite to say much: they are chiefly college (Yale College) productions, and are proofs of good feelings and a poetical turn, though immature and imperfect in the execution. They promise; yet they are too level to promise much.

The poetry by the Author of Moral Pieces has more of variety and of practised talent. The writer is addicted to antiques, and his compositions stand in need of notes. But every accident seems to be a theme for him; and he is often deplorably bad, as a contrast to much of a laudable beauty. *Ex. gr. the bad.*

— "the maiden in fear and in sorrow
Shriek'd loud as she breathed its bifuminous air,
The gases sulphuric detected with horror,
And pour'd to each god of the waters her prayer."

Something better, on a battle between the Whites and the Indians:

"Ah! the contending din,
The shock, the shout, the revelry of war,
I cannot sing. They ask a bolder lay,
A firmer hand. There are who can behold
God's image marr'd, and call it glorious strife
And godlike victory. There are who love
The trumpet's clangour, and the hoarse response
Of the death-groan. I cannot strike the lyre
That breathes of war. It seems to me that Death
Doth his own work so mightily, that man
Need aid him not.

Even in the time of peace,
The dance of pleasure, and the bloom of health,
He smites his victims oft enough to soothe
The hater of his kind. The longest lease
Which Earth's frail tenant holds, his fourscore years
Of labour and of sorrow, are brief space
To do the work of an eternity."

We will add one entire, though short, poem, with a pretty moral ending.

"To a Glow-worm.

Little being of a day,
Glowing in thy cell alone,
Shedding light with mystic ray
On thy path and on my own;
Dost thou whisper to my heart?—
"Though I grovel in the sod,
Still I mock men's boasted art
With the workmanship of God."

See! the fire-fly in his flight
Scorning thy feeble case—
See, the eccentric meteor bright,
Thou, the planet of thy sphere.

Why, within thy cavern damp,
Thus with trembling haste dost cower?
Fear'st thou I would quench thy lamp,
Lustre of thy lonely bower?

No!—Regain thy couch of clay,
Sparkle brightly as before:
Man should dread to take away
Gifts he never can restore."

Of the *Whimwhams*, the last publication on our list, we cannot say much, except that it attempts to be facetious, and rather fails than succeeds. Its fault is, that it falls below the line of low humour, and gets into slang and vulgarity. Blasting the eyes of brewers (page 67)—flames bursting (89), &c. &c. are inexcusable faults.

We shall, however, look for more and higher transatlantic productions: retaining our opinion, that as yet America has little to boast of, but confidently expecting a full and glorious fruitage from her British-descended genius, high aspirations, and unimpeded opportunities.

MEXICO.

[Having recently met with the following notice in a foreign journal, it has reminded us of a concluding paper (though the sixth) still due to Captain Lyon's two interesting volumes.

"Palenque.—It is feared that, in consequence of the immense forests by which the extraordinary ruins at Palenque are surrounded, and the myriads of serpents by which the ruins themselves are infested, that it will be a matter of considerable difficulty to prosecute those minute researches into these interesting relics of ancient days, from which so much curious and valuable information might justly be expected."

THE antiquities of this country will, as they become better known, lead, probably, to some

very curious deductions: their resemblance to the most ancient Egyptian remains, when an ample comparison can be made, will no doubt throw new lights on the early history of mankind; and a great work now in progress by a noble lord is likely to afford very extensive and important facilities for this purpose. As yet, however, we have only fragments of Mexican lore of this kind. At a village called Panuco, Capt. Lyon says:

"I waited on Don Fernando de San Pedro, a very great man, to whom I had letters of introduction, in each of which was particularly mentioned my anxiety to see any objects of interest which might exist in this place, such as Indian antiquities or natural productions of the country. I had been informed by several people at Tampico, that a great number of very curious idols were to be found on this person's estate, though the owner of these treasures appeared himself quite ignorant of his riches, and scarcely knew what was meant by 'antiquities,' still less by the term 'idol.' He was, however, all graciousness, and permitted me to roam about and make whatever discoveries I might wish. One of my canoe-men was of far more assistance in my research; and his first prize was an odd grotesque-looking figure in terra cotta, used as a child's plaything, for which I was to pay a quarter of a dollar."

Under the guidance of a priest, however, our countryman was more successful. He continues—

"With this kind guide I again visited Don Fernando, in whose house itself the padre soon found a curious idol for me to copy. I had no sooner commenced my drawing, than it excited so much astonishment, that half-a-dozen grotesque figures and vases were quickly brought to me; Don Fernando himself presenting me with a little bird-shaped whistle of earthenware, having two holes on each side, so that a kind of tune might be produced from it. I now found full occupation for the day; and a whole group of children were sent out in search of toys, which I agreed to purchase at a medio (three-pence) each. In addition to my acquisitions of this kind, I obtained permission to copy many others, which the owners valued too highly as playthings for their children to part with. The streets of Panuco are to this day thickly strewn with the remains of ancient crockery; and often after heavy rains entire vessels and toys are found washed down the water-courses. In the evening of this day, after the hour of siesta, I sought out my friend the padre, who it appeared had been busy in my service, and he gave me three most curious little figures. He also took me to examine a very perfect earthen flute; but the boy to whom it belonged could not be persuaded to part with it. We walked afterwards to see the remains of what the padre informed me were once pyramids, and to which the name 'cue' is still applied, although they are now nothing more than five or six mounds of earth of thirty or forty feet in height. They lie to the westward of the town, near each other, and on the plain around them I found several pieces of obsidian arrow-heads, which must have been brought from a great distance by the warriors who once peopled the banks of the river.

"The padre sent me as a present several curious ancient toys and whistles, with one small terra cotta vase very beautifully carved with those peculiar flourishes introduced in the Mexican manuscripts. I was also fortunate enough to procure an antique flute of a

very compact red clay, which had once been polished and painted. It had four holes, and the mouth part was in the form of a grotesque head.

"The descendants of the warlike people who formerly inhabited the 'numerous populous towns on the banks of the river' yet dwell in the neighbourhood, but in very diminished numbers. In their mild, dejected countenances no trace is seen of their being the offspring of those warriors who defeated Grijalva their first discoverer, Garay, and the troops of Cortes, who did not effect their subjugation without great loss of men, and at an expense of 60,000 dollars,—an enormous sum in those days. Time and the tremendous periodical rains have been insufficient to destroy all vestiges of the Guastecas nation. The remains of the pyramids, the quantities of obsidian weapons, the idols and the utensils, toys and ornaments in finely worked clay,—all combine to shew that the arts once flourished to a very considerable extent on this now thinly peopled spot. Some of the vases yet retain their colours and vitreous glazing, and many are of an earth as light and well baked as that of Tuscany;—while the figures, from their singular attitudes and grotesque expression, might serve as models to the toy-makers of the present day. The flutes, single and double, with two, three, or four holes, the oddly shaped pipes and whistles, and the jars modelled into birds, toads, and other animals—all in terra cotta—exhibit as much humour as ingenuity, and are found either entire or broken, in such quantities as to induce a belief that Panuco was actually a mart for crockery-ware. I learnt also that at a rancho called Calondras, about nine leagues from the town, some very interesting objects of antiquity are to be met with, situated on the side of a hill covered with wild pines. The principal of these is a large oven-like chamber, on the floor of which a great number of the flat stones, similar to those still used by women in grinding maize, were found, and can even now be procured. It is only in the month of May that this place is accessible; as the pines being dry, may then be burned from the face of the hill. It is conjectured that these stones, with a quantity of other imperishable articles of household furniture long since removed, had been deposited in the cave on some flight of the Indians, as being too heavy for farther removal."

But the most remarkable antiquarian remains which Captain Lyon visited, were the ruins of an ancient Indian city, about fourteen leagues to the southward of Zacatecas, on an isolated hill upon an extensive plain, and called Cerro de los Edificios. Quadrangles, pyramids, circles of stones, altars, tanks, caves,*

* Speaking of one of these, it is stated—"One of the principal objects of our expedition had been to enter this mysterious place, which none of the natives had ever ventured to do, and we came provided with torches for the purpose: unfortunately, however, the mouth had very recently fallen in, and we could merely see that it was a narrow well-built entrance, bearing in many places the remains of good smooth plaster. A large beam of cedar once supported the roof; but its removal by the country people had caused the dilapidation which we now observed. Mr. Tindal in knocking out some pieces of regularly burnt brick, soon brought a ruin upon his head, but escaped without injury; and his accident caused a thick cloud of yellow dust to fall, which on issuing from the cave assumed a bright appearance under the full glare of the sun;—an effect not lost upon the natives, who became more than ever persuaded that an immense treasure lay hidden in this mysterious place. The general opinion of those who remember when the excavation was clear is, that it is very deep; and from many circumstances there is a probability of its having been a place of confinement for victims. Its vicinity to the great hall, in which there can be little doubt that the sanguinary rites of the

mysterious passages, pillars, and all the architectural glories of Aztec monarchs, abound. We regret we cannot go into the details, and we also regret to find that we cannot enter upon the consideration of the grand question of the mines, on which much light is thrown by this narrative: but we can only notice, that the author's opinion, which is of great weight, is upon the whole extremely favourable, and that he anticipates a prosperous issue to several of these undertakings. We conclude with a few extracts, omitted in their proper places, as belonging to the natural history of Mexico. At one place our author found "an alligator's nest with thirty-nine eggs. It is the custom of the caymans to select some sunny sandy beach, in which they bury their eggs, piling a large heap of sand above them. They then leave their offspring to be hatched by the heat of the sun; although, as the Indians informed me, they keep 'a register in their head,' and return at the expiration of thirty days, when their newly produced little ones are ready to be taken on the mother's back and receive their first lessons in swimming. The idea that the alligator devours her young if she can catch them, is denied by the Indians, who, on the contrary, declare her to be very kind to them. I should like to have seen in what way the maternal solicitude of one of these horrid creatures is shewn; for a nursing alligator must be a great curiosity. The eggs are about the size of those of our domestic ducks, but bearing a highly enamelled surface. At each end they are translucent; but an opaque white band encircles the middle, which appears to have a dividing membrane across it. The yolk also resembles that of a duck's egg, but has a slight flavour of musk, and the white is nearly of the consistence of jelly. On the border of the river I shot a small eagle of that species which, according to the Indians, preys upon serpents. In landing for my bird, I crossed the recent track of a leopard which had been drinking in the stream; and in a few minutes killed two fine turkeys."

In a ruin, "amongst the stones of the altar, Mr. Tindal killed a blue-tailed lizard, which is rare, and one of the most beautiful little creatures of the species: the bright ultramarine blue of the tail is not excelled by any artificial colour. In a curious old book I found a description of this creature, with the account of a superstition which exactly corresponds with one existing in Africa with respect to the urreal, a large kind of lizard. 'They are poisonous, and thirst after the blood of breeding women; and they report that if a woman, or but her clothes, do touch this creature, she will afterwards prove barren.'

At Mal Paso, "under a portico or gallery, we saw hanging the stuffed skins of five pumas or Mexican lions of a light dun colour, four lion cubs, twelve gray wolves and two black ones, very much resembling dogs, and which probably were a cross between a wolf and a dog. The lions had been taken in pitfalls; and it is customary to course the wolves and lasso them, when heavy and inactive after a plentiful meal."

Again:—"I had often heard of an animal named zorillo, a kind of pole-cat, which is abundant in some parts of Mexico, and wished much to experience the effects of the pungent odour it has the power of emitting when pur-

Mexicans were once held, is one argument in favour of this supposition; but there is another equally forcible, its immediate proximity to a cliff of about 180 feet, down which the bodies of victims may have been precipitated, as was the custom at the inhuman sacrifices of the Aztecs."

sued. In Mr. Walkinshaw's house my curiosity was more than satisfied, his dogs having recently killed one of these creatures. They were in consequence so impregnated with its smell, as to communicate it wherever they went, and with such strength as to cause a severe pain in the head. I know not how to describe this peculiar odour; but it is worse than any thing I ever experienced, or could have imagined. The animal, as far as I could judge from its mutilated carcass, is the size of a very young badger, and much resembling that animal in the disposition of its colours. It is said to be slow and inactive; but until my sense of taste or smell should fail me, I never could have the hardihood to chase it."

Finis.

SCHOOL AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS. NO. VI.
An English Lesson Book for the junior Classes.
By Lucy Aikin. 18mo. pp. 219. London, Longman and Co.

Poetry for Children, consisting of Short Pieces, to be committed to Memory. Selected by Lucy Aikin. A new edition, considerably improved. 18mo. pp. 180. London, Longman and Co.

THESE are two pretty little books for the use of children. The name of Aikin has long been of standard excellence in the juvenile and general literary world; and the fair authoress of the small works before us has done not a little to support that well-earned fame. The latter volume has deservedly run through several editions; and that now produced gives it in an enlarged and much improved form. It is a judicious collection of the simplest poetry of the best authors; and its object, as the preface declares, is "to promote the love and study of poetry, by supplying, in a convenient form, a considerable number of pieces of verse proper for children to commit to memory." This is a laudable intention, as the study of poetry is ever pleasing to infant minds, and certainly tends to refine and exalt the ideas of youth, in proportion to the purity and morality of the verse. In this latter respect, Miss Aikin's choice is eminently entitled to approbation; and in this new edition she has carefully revised the whole, and added many sweet little pieces. We forgot to mention that the original articles are not the worst in the volume.

The *Lesson Book* contains a very appropriate selection of short tales for children: it is intended to succeed the use of the *Spelling Book*, and is well adapted to be used in preparatory and female schools.

On the whole, we recommend these neat little volumes to the notice of parents and teachers in general.

Stories from Scripture, on an improved Plan: Old Testament. By the Rev. Bourne Hall Draper. Second edition. 18mo. pp. 192. London, Harris.

True Stories from English History, chronologically arranged, from the Invasion of the Romans to the Death of George the Third. By a Mother, Author of "True Stories from Ancient History," &c. Second edition, considerably enlarged. 18mo. pp. 324. London, Harris.

THESE *Stories from Scripture* are written in a simple and familiar style, and form a sort of running commentary upon the events recorded in holy writ, perfectly adapted to the understandings of children. Their plan presents an excellent course of moral instruction, pleasingly blended with the tales of sacred history, and

therefore eminently fitted for the attentive perusal of the young. Parents cannot do better than furnish their nurseries liberally with such laudable publications; and in this spirit we readily commend it to their notice.

The volume of *True Stories from English History* is from a lady's pen; which, we presume, accounts for a specimen of bad Latinity discoverable in the 16th page. It is not, as its name might imply, a mere selection of facts from our national annals; but a brief, though connected, anecdotal narrative of the principal events of English history, from its earliest to the present era; written in a pleasant, story-telling style, divested of minute details and unnecessary disquisitions, and retaining merely the principal and most interesting occurrences, public and domestic, recorded of our ancestors. These are judiciously besprinkled with familiar notices of manners, customs, and other necessary information; so as to present, on the whole, a delightful little volume for youthful perusal. The work, however, is by no means free from faults; several ridiculous mistakes betoken the fair compiler to have had but a superficial acquaintance with some things which she has attempted to describe; and a few silly observations, and blunders in style, are here and there observable. But, altogether, these are of minor importance; and, on the whole, we can recommend these *True Stories*, as bearing an aspect of veracity, and calculated, in a great degree, to amuse and instruct the portion of society to which they are addressed.

Both of the above-named books are plentifully embellished with neat little engravings on copper, and printed in the best style. Indeed, every praise is due to the "getting up," as by such means they are rendered eligible objects for presents.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Toccin; or, a Review of the London Police Establishments, with Hints for their Improvement, and for the Prevention of Calamitous Fires, &c. By T. B. W. Dudley.

THIS little pamphlet has excited in us feelings of alarm very similar to those which we recollect accompanied the perusal of Accum's celebrated *Death in the Pot*. As in the one case our gastronomic propensities were for some time sadly checked by the description of the multiplied evils to which we must inevitably subject ourselves by their gratification, so in the other we doubt whether we shall sleep soundly in our beds for the next month, in consequence of Mr. Dudley's detailed explanation of the frightful dangers of every kind by which we are nightly beset. Although there is a great deal of irrelevant matter in Mr. Dudley's work, which, to say truth, is written in the style distinguished by the appellation of "rignarole," yet it contains many valuable hints with regard to the reformation of the police of London, and to other means of guarding against accident, rapine, and violence. Among other recommendations, one which appears to be peculiarly deserving of attention, is the establishment of an effective and permanent night police, as a substitute for the present wretched and inefficient system of parish watchmen.

Notes on the Campaign of 1808-9, in the North of Spain. By Lieut.-Colonel T. S. Sorell. J. Murray.

COLONEL SORELL was military secretary and aide-de-camp to Sir D. Baird, and he has taken up the pen to refute certain assertions in Col. Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, and to correct certain mistakes in Sir Walter Scott's

Life of Napoleon. This pamphlet, of fifty-three pages, is evidently the statement of that gallant officer, Sir David Baird; but as it is chiefly documentary, it affords us no room for extract. We can only say, that it seems to us to be conclusive on the points to which it refers; and that it is well calculated to correct loose history on every circumstance to which it relates. At all events, we think (our judgment not being military, but we trust common sense) it completely absolves Sir D. Baird from even a shadow of blame—if such were intended by either of the publications referred to.

The Curse and Cure of Ireland; exhibited in a Dialogue on the Catholic Question. By William T. Haley. Pp. 33. London, 1826. Eedes.

WITHOUT exception, the cleverest of the thousand and one publications which have appeared on the Catholic Question. On the merits of that question, *pro or con*, we do not feel it necessary to deliver an opinion; but, in the little pamphlet before us, any unprejudiced person will be ready to admit the quaint force of the arguments used against the emancipation, as it is called, of "Ireland's seven millions."

Gothic Ornaments, selected from the different Cathedrals and Churches in England. By Thomas and Charles Atkinson, Architects. Folio. London, Thomas Griffiths.

EVERY work which may in the smallest degree be calculated to diffuse a knowledge of English pointed architecture, will always have our best wishes and support; but we shall defer giving an opinion upon this until the appearance of another Number.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, September 6th.

Encore des fêtes! If, however, I give you a surfeit of them, you must not lay the fault to my charge, but accuse Messieurs les Saints, who, it seems, become the patrons of pleasure in all its various forms, as soon as they cross the Styx, and make an entire recantation of the rigid and freezing principles to which they owed their renown on earth. On Monday commenced the famous *fête des loges*, in the forest of St. Germain, opposite the ancient convent of St. Augustine. During the three days of festivity, from Paris to St. Germain was one volume of dust, through which moved stages, hackney coaches, cabriolets, charabanes, charrettes, in double-quick speed, as also the omnibus, a kind of caravan, which contained at least thirty precious souls, whose loud laughter, *bons-mots*, and cries of "*Vive les Saints!*" evinced the lightness of their hearts, and their determination to make the most of the joyous moment. Arrived at St. Germain, one might have imagined that care had never darkened the brow of a single individual there—all was life and glee, neither dame nor chevalier were to be seen with a *triste figure*; even the countenances of old beggar-men and beggar-women were kindled into gaiety, as they stood in battle array to levy the tribute of a sous on their more affluent brethren;—pretty faces peeped from the windows; and, to crown all, the weather was delightful, and permitted fair ladies to put in play every motion of coquetry, and deck themselves in summer colours, gauzes, muslins, &c. so as to shew their graces and beauty to the best advantage. Six o'clock in the evening is the *bon-ton* hour for moving to the scene of hilarity; and indeed I know of no *coup d'œil* equally efficacious in chasing

ennui and the spleen: it is impossible to resist a sensation of happiness in witnessing five or six thousand people, apparently strangers to sorrow, or any of the bitter feelings which discolour pleasure, and give it a jaundiced hue. Tents were erected in the midst of the wood, containing different kinds of merchandise, which sold for double their value. Tables spread with wine, cheese, fruits, pies, &c. tempted lovers to regale their mistresses, and lighten their own brains, as well as heels, by the juice of the grape; whilst other groups performed in the mazy dance, or, trusting to the moon's light, strayed through by-ways to listen to tender declarations, carved their names on trees, as witnesses of promises, made, perhaps, with every good intention to be kept, but which will not, I fear, outlive the year. No matter—others will replace them; and time is just as well cheated thus, as by breaking one's heart with fidelity. I was enchanted with the costume of some of the peasants, as also with their beauty, and the freshness of their complexions: they generally formed country dances apart, and were satisfied to find partners in their own class; whereas the Parisian ladies' maids, and *ouvrières* of every description, dress in the height of fashion, and will not give their hand to a commoner. One of the best-equipped ladies was pointed out to me as a washerwoman: no doubt she deemed borrowing no theft, and decked herself in the lace bodice, costly embroidered petticoat, and silk stockings, of some of her customers; but this is a common practice here, and really the *jolie blanchisseuse* looked so at her ease under these fine garments, that one could scarce feel angry with her for the loan she had taken of them. The ball generally lasts until midnight, sometimes later: even old women, bent into the shape of triangles, leaning on some superannuated bean, with powdered queue and antiquated-cut coat, hobble homewards at that hour, and relate the adventures of the day with as much animation as though they were five-and-twenty, and had counted a dozen conquests. 'Tis a pity slander and all uncharitableness generally follow these festivals; but the crime lies at the Saints' door, à ce qu'il me semble—for they seem to countenance M. Cupidon on all such occasions, though afterwards they let loose Madame la Médisance to darken the fair reputations of imprudent demoiselles, who forgot that trees have tongues, that zephyrs whisper, and that Dame Luna gives a treacherous light. This, however, is all as it should be,—and for six weeks, confessional boxes are thronged by young penitents; so that every profession has its turn, and M. le Curé profits by the bad counsels and temptations of the little god; good comes then from evil, and the balance of social advantages is equalised.

Mr. Horace Vernet took his leave of the king some days since, previous to his departure for Rome. The annual paintings sent this year by the *pensionnaires de l'Ecole de France* from that capital are not very numerous, nor very interesting as to subjects. A view of Civitella, near Subiaco, by M. Giroux, gives promise of a good artist, though connoisseurs find fault with the want of purity in the colouring of his foregrounds. There is also a copy of the Descent from the Cross from Garofolo, by M. Debay; but the subjects taken from the sacred writings seldom answer the ends intended by painters. There is another picture by the same artist, who seems by no means of *bon goût* as to choice. It is that of the *Courtisane Phryné*, when brought before the Helots to be judged for *lèse majesté divine*, having offended the gods. Her

defender deeming that the most efficacious manner of moving the judges in her favour, was by exposing the beauty of her form, instead of pleading her cause, merely pulled aside the garment which enveloped her: this had the desired effect on the wise Helots, who immediately acquitted her. The painter, however, has by no means given that perfection to Phryné which could justify the judgment, or excuse a departure from the stern law of justice.

A subscription is going forward to erect a monument to J. J. Rousseau in Switzerland.

The streets of Paris are become quite a scene of gaiety, owing to the numerous cheap vehicles which are now to be seen driving *pêle-mêle* to every quarter of the town.

The art of *pocket-picking* is making considerable progress. *Il faut vivre*, say the unemployed; give us work, and we will not rob.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CURE OF CONSUMPTIVE DISEASES.—(V.)

UNDER this title four papers have appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, one of the leading objects of which journal is to bring all questions of interest to science fairly under the view of the public, prejudging nothing, but candidly stating the pretensions by which new discoveries or improvements are supported; and where experiments have been tried, the results or facts elicited from them. A more useful or honourable course can hardly be imagined, nor one less liable to objection or censure; and it may also be assumed, that such a subject as the *Cure of Consumptive Diseases* was highly deserving of notice and discussion. It was, therefore, with considerable surprise that we found ourselves assailed on this account, and in very reprehensible language, by a Dr. Johnson, the editor, we understand, of a medical periodical work, a copy of the last Number of which (the first we ever saw) has been sent to us by some good-natured friend. We have observed, of late years, as a matter of literary curiosity, that medical writers seemed to have adopted that acrimony which disgraced the polemics and politicians of former times, but which had been discarded by them and every other class of controversialists, as inconsistent with the better taste and manners of the present age. Coarseness, intemperance, and abuse, being no longer considered (if ever they were) strength, sense, and argument, had generally disappeared from all productions in which men of education were concerned; and persons who, either from professional rank or other circumstances, laid claim to the character of gentlemen, agreed in opinion that it was unbecoming to *print* what no gentleman could say without getting himself thrust out of good company. Dr. Johnson, however, who, as a physician, having a right to mix with respectable society, ought to entertain these notions and principles common to all gentlemen, has departed widely from those rules which decent breeding and politeness enjoin, and shewn himself to be one of that opposite class of writers who mistake Bilinggate vulgarity and hard words for reasoning and force.*

* We have been informed, since writing this, that a regular warfare of scurrility and personal abuse is carried on between this Doctor and a rival medical work, which is degrading to the press, and would disgrace chimney-sweepers. These examples, with the elegancies of Dr. Reece, all the dispute between Dr. Harrison and the College of Physicians, and many other instances which we need not enumerate, tend to prove the truth of our remark, that the profession which ought to be one of the most humane and refined, is, beyond all others, rendered contemptible and obnoxious by its low squabbles and ribald publications.

Having gratuitously conferred on Mr. Long a degree of *Dr.* (no enviable title, by the way, if not more adorned than by himself), *Dr. Johnson* says:—"The following case, which presented itself this very day (20th August) will serve as a specimen of the kind of consumptions, and of the wonderful cures of that disease, which are so much bruited about, especially in that prostituted, venal, and talentless journal, the *Literary Gazette*." He then relates the case, and adds: "We cannot, however, close this article without again expressing our indignant contempt of that sink of prostitution, the *Literary Gazette*. If, for a paltry premium, they have trumpeted forth the mendacious cures of consumption by such an impudent medicaster as *Dr. Long*, in order to deceive the unsuspecting sufferer, and tamper with his pocket and his health, they deserve the reprobation of the public at large. If they have opened their columns through ignorance to designing knaves, who are paid for these fulsome puffs, they are scarcely less culpable, and not at all less despicable."

Without offering any comment on the nature of this language (which it would be found very inconvenient to apply *vis à vis* to any responsible individual connected with the *Literary Gazette*), we deem it incumbent upon us to meet the charge, inasmuch as it involves matter of deep public concernment. We shall, therefore, briefly recapitulate what we have done to provoke this *St. Giles'* tirade, and then as briefly refute *Dr. Johnson's* false assertions respecting the very case in question.

In the *first* of our four preceding papers we alluded to the report much spread abroad on a subject of vital importance, namely, the discovery of effective means for alleviating and curing consumptive diseases. We stated that we thought it our duty to inquire into the grounds for this report—that facilities had been afforded us—that we had visited and examined Mr. Long's classes of patients; and though the impression made on our minds was favourable, we advised any parties interested in the matter to institute a similar investigation.

In our *second* paper, we expressed our desire simply to elicit the truth, to destroy pretension if not supported by evidence, and, at all events, to place the thing fairly before the public. We pointed out the fact, that if there was a failure in curing this dreaded malady, it was only a failure where all medicine failed; and alluding to irrefragable cases into which we had examined, declared our conviction that Mr. Long's process could not do any injury.

Our *third* paper, in replying to many applications from medical and other correspondents, repeated our anxiety to elicit the truth, being indifferent whether the investigation "propred a beneficial, or destroyed a rotten system;" and we referred to the strong cases of Messrs. Wilding and Braithwaite, which had been reported in the *John Bull* newspaper. We expressed our scepticism with regard to irregular practice, and honestly said, that we were not competent to enter upon the pathology of what was called consumption; at the same time acknowledging that many great discoveries had been fortuitously made; and that such proofs as Mr. Long produced would determine questions of life and estate in any legal trial.

Our *fourth* paper mentioned the leading peculiarities in the new practice; and, without bringing forward the names of parties, sufficiently specified the number and nature of the testimonies laid before us. We again adverted to the difficulty of defining consumption, and

"committed ourselves to no opinion," but once more referred to persons of great intelligence and in the best ranks of society, who having had complaints like consumption, averred that these complaints were relieved or removed.

Having so acted, we cannot see how we have justly exposed ourselves to *Dr. Johnson's*, or any honest man's, vituperation. We literally decided nothing: the subject seemed to be an important one, calling for inquiry, and we took considerable trouble to make ourselves master of its bearings. We pretended to no medical knowledge to entitle us to pronounce upon the symptoms and character of any disease; and we plainly stated the facts in proof before us, desiring the public to follow up our course and judge for itself,—not considering it to be either wise or liberal to condemn a discovery merely because it was novel, and different from preceding practice.

But having undoubtedly produced a considerable effect on the general mind by these papers, we were fully sensible of the necessity imposed upon us, when accused by *Dr. Johnson*, of ascertaining whether we had been deluded, and made (if so, most unconsciously and conscientiously,) the means of deluding the public. We accordingly demanded an immediate reference to the party on whose case he founds his ungentlemanlike abuse of the *Literary Gazette*, and were indeed much astonished at the patient's version of the story, directly contradicting *Dr. Johnson* in every essential particular. This individual, Mr. ****, we found to be a young man of very superior intelligence; and we called upon him to deal explicitly with us, for the sake of that truth which had been the object of all our interference with this question. We read *Dr. Johnson's* statement of his case, and desired him to point out where it was correct and where the reverse. The following was the consequence:—"The young man (*Dr. J.* asserts) had neither cough,¹ expectoration,² fever,³ dyspnoea,⁴ or a single symptom of phthisis, save the loss of flesh."

The young man himself avers, that he had cough¹; that he had and still has expectoration², though in a less degree, as he used, particularly in the morning, to spit blood, which symptom is now entirely gone; that he had fever³, the remains of ague, in which his complaint originated; and that he had dyspnoea⁴, and yet has considerable difficulty in breathing. More flat contradictions it is not easy to conceive: but we come further to the phthisis, of which the Doctor asserts, in addition to the foregoing:—"This (the loss of flesh) was quite enough, in the Doctor's eyes, to constitute CONSUMPTION, especially as the patient complained of wandering pains about the sides, shoulders, and pit of the stomach." To which our informant replied, "This is not so; for my complaint pervaded the region of the chest, and affected me especially under the sternum!" *Dr. J.* further asserts, that on stripping the patient's chest, he found the whole surface covered with pustules produced by tartar-emetic. This the patient denies, and says the appearance on his chest was of quite a different character, and such as could not be mistaken for tartar-emetic pustules. *Dr. J.* asserts, that "the emaciation went on;" which also Mr. **** contradicts, and says, on the contrary, that it stopped. *Dr. J.* asserts, that the disease was in the mind: the patient says, that, though he laboured under some mental depression, it was not; but the Doctor has the decency to make the following allowance: "It was confessed by the patient that *Dr. Long* had done him more good than the regular practitioner."

Well might it be so confessed; as the patient assured us most solemnly (besides the effects already mentioned), that when he went to Mr. Long he could not walk a hundred yards; but in three weeks, under his treatment, he walked from Kensington to Harley Street, and back again, the same day; that it entirely removed constant cold and violent nocturnal perspirations, which were wasting him away; and that it procured, within a period of twenty-four hours, a copious discharge of acrid matter, not less than a pint, from the seat of his disorder.

We will not occupy our readers further with *Dr. Johnson* and his case; nor would we have gone so far merely to refute his foul language, though bound to demonstrate that we had done nothing to forfeit the confidence reposed in the *Literary Gazette* by the public at large. But the question of utility took a wider range: and we trust, that while justifying ourselves, we have also been successful in vindicating the course we have pursued as one faithfully and earnestly directed to the elucidation of a subject of more than common interest to the community. If shewn to be empiricism, we will be the foremost to denounce it; but if it really alleviate human sufferings, it will not be the utter falsification of a case that can turn us from our public duty.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

OF the paintings left by the kindness and liberality of his Most Gracious Majesty and several noble proprietors, for the study of the artists at the British Institution, the following will shew, that both the most excellent in art, and abundant variety in subject, has been selected for that purpose.

The Duchesse de St. Croix	Vandyke
The Spanish Courtesan	Murillo
Innocent the Tenth	Velasquez
Portrait of a Spanish Gentleman	Do.
The Embarkation of St. Paul	Claude
Preceptor and his Pupil	L. Bassan
Virgin and Child	G. Romano
Titian's Daughter	Titian
The Water Seller	Velasquez
Portrait of Anthony Trieste	Vandyke
Waterfall	Ruydael
Cattle in a Landscape	Cuyp
The Fox and the Crane	Snyders
River View by Moonlight	Vandermere
The Outside of a House, with Figures	De Hooge
A Lime-kiln, with Figures	Teniers
Landscape, with Cattle	Hobbins and Vanderveide
Moonlight	Vandermere
A Female Saint	Farmigiano
A Farrier's Shop	Wouverman
View on a Canal, with Passage-boats	Cuyp
The Battle between Constantine and Maxentius	Rubens
Landscape, with Fishermen	D. Teniers
Do. with Woman milking by	Do.
A Philosopher	Spagnoletto
View in Venice	Canaletto
Cleopatra	Guido
The Interior of a Chamber, with Portraits, &c.	De Hooge
The Holy Family	Garafolo

Twenty-nine in all. These are more than sufficient to put the talents of our artists to the test; and if we might judge from the attention that appeared, and the silence that reigned at the time of our visit, there will be no want of exertion on their part:—but time will shew.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Scenery of the Rivers Yare and Waveney, Norfolk. From Pictures painted by James Stark. Moon, Boys, and Graves. This is the first Part of a publication, to be completed in four Parts; each Part to contain six views and three vignettes, engraved from pictures by Mr. Stark, and comprehending the

most beautiful portions of the fine scenery which presents itself on the banks of the Yare and the Waveney. It will be accompanied by historical, geographical, and descriptive accounts of the course of those rivers, and of the parts selected for the work, from the pen of Mr. J. W. Robberds, jun.—Of Mr. Stark's talents, as a landscape-painter, we have frequently had occasion to speak in the *Literary Gazette*; and when we observe the names of Burnet, G. Cooke, W. J. Cooke, Cooper, Forrest, Fox, Goodall, Horsburgh, Lambert, Miller, Pye, Radclyffe, Smith, Varrell, Wallis, &c., mentioned as the engravers by whom the plates are to be executed, we can have no doubt that the work will be highly interesting; not merely to those to whom it may be rendered peculiarly valuable by early recollections and local attachments, but to all admirers of the picturesque and beautiful. Indeed, the first Part, which is now lying before us, gives a most satisfactory earnest of excellence. We are especially charmed with the View of the Mouth of the Yare, engraved by W. Miller; and the view on the same river, near Thorpe church, engraved by G. Cooke.—It is with great pleasure we see that Mr. Stark has obtained so respectable and extensive a list of subscribers to his publication.

Select Illustrations of the County of Surrey; comprising Picturesque Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry, Interesting Remains, &c., with Descriptions. By G. F. Prosser. Part I. Rivington, &c.

THERE is no district of England which affords a greater abundance of elegant, and, if we may use the epithet, *gentlemanlike* landscape, than the county of Surrey; and we think, therefore, that Mr. Prosser has been judicious in selecting it as the subject of his publication, which is to consist of six or eight Parts, each containing five plates. Those in the present Part are, West-Hill, Pepper-Harrow, Esher-Place, Dombies, and Dulwich College; and they are executed in lithography, in a very pleasing manner.

The Deluge. Painted and engraved in mezzotint by J. Martin.

WE believe this extraordinary production is executed on steel, and we had need steel our hearts to contemplate so awful a visitation on the human race with any thing like critical observation. Fortunately, the artist himself has so far established his character for depicting all that is grand, terrible, and sublime, that we are spared the necessity of detail. The painting, too, has before come under the notice of the *Gazette*; and we can assure our readers that it has lost nothing of its character as a print. On the contrary, it is on the large scale of Mr. Martin's principal works, 27½ by 18½ inches, like Belshazzar's Feast, Joshua, and the Fall of Nineveh, and one of the most striking and splendid productions that he has ever executed. There is a comet in conjunction with the sun and moon; we trust not prophetic either of Encke's, which we are nightly looking for, or the more threatening fellow of (at the latest) 1834. The compliment of a dedication is paid to the Emperor Nicholas; and the work is every way worthy of a great sovereign.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MIND.

How wondrous is the mind!

How vast, how beautiful, how magnificent!
Its birth who hath defined?

Vain is the source philosophers Invent.

It is beyond the sphere

Of finite wisdom to explain its might;

Eternity must clear

The mystery of the mind to our rapt sight!

Reason's fine ray grows dim,

Lost in the gloomy labyrinths of thought;

And turns in awe to Him

From whom alone true wisdom may be sought.

Mind is the human wings

On which man soars in grandeur and in power;

The ocean from whence springs

New treasures and fresh beauties every hour!

Creation is the mind's;

The everlasting earth, the boundless sea:

It is the link that binds

The mortal unto immortality!

The necromantic wand

Which strikes the dull, cold marble into life;

Inspires the sculptor's hand

To radiant themes with deathless honours rife!

The painter's glowing hues

Warm to expression 'neath its godlike glance,

Till, like a dream, he views

The landscape grow, the breathing forms advance!

Mind is the ray divine

Which lights the visions of the poet's eye;

Gives to his lofty line

Pathos, and power, and grace, and majesty!

It is the breath which fills

All nature with an atmosphere of love;

Lives in the trees—the hills—

Shines in the flowers—and stars the heavens above.

CHARLES SWAIN.

September 1826.

AN AUTUMNAL EVE.

SUNK are the winds that late swept hill and shore,

The raging billows cease their wild loud dash,

Above no longer bursts the thunder-crash,

And the big rain descends to earth no more:

Clear is heaven's face, and sweetly in the west

The sun hangs o'er the hush'd hill's purple top;

The bird that sought its nest, with lively hop

Again peeps forth, and warbles him to rest;

The hawthorn blossoms scent the cool fresh air;

And general nature, ere Day breathes his last,

Wears loveliest smiles in guerdon for the past.

Thus oft life's first hours, sorrow, ills, and care,

Wrap in dark gloom, then sudden flee away,

And leave all bright and blest our closing day.

N. M.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE King of Prussia does every thing to promote the advancement of arts and sciences, as well as the improvement of Berlin. He has just erected a large square Grecian building, opposite to the palace, as a museum of antiquities and fine arts. The façade is one continued line of Ionic columns, of the most beautiful proportions; and at each angle of the edifice is a colossal figure, emblematical of the objects for which the museum is intended. The king himself lives in comparative retirement, in a small palace fitted up with the greatest simplicity, and his bed is really not better than that usually allotted to a domestic in England. His study is quite that of an official man of business. He has a large map of his own dominions; and in each town where troops are stationed he fixes a common pin, and on the head of the pin is a small bit of card, on which are written the names of the regiments, their

numbers, and commanding officers, in the town. He thus, at any moment, can see the disposition of his immense army, which is very essential to such a government as Prussia, it being a mild despotic military system. He has a most excellent modern map of the Turkish provinces in Europe, and upon this is marked out every thing that can interest a military man. A number of pins, with green heads, point out the positions of the Russian army; and in the same manner, with red- and white-headed pins, he distinguishes the stations of the different kinds of troops of the Turkish host.—*Letter from Berlin.*

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

The Barber Baron made its appearance, according to promise, on Monday evening. The story of the Spectre Barber, in the Popular German Tales, seems to have given the French authors the hint for their piece; and the whim and humour with which the subject was treated by them, obtained for it considerable success in Paris. *Alexander Anibal Frissac* is the fortunate holder of a ticket in the Frankfort lottery, which entitles its purchaser to the barony of Ormsteberg, in Bavaria. He immediately sets off in a German diligence to take possession of his estate—is received by the proper authorities, accompanied by a deputation from the hair-dressers—is presented in due form with the keys of the castle, and sits down to supper in high glee with two guests, who have by chance arrived on the spot, and requested his hospitality. One turns out to be the right heir to the estate—a young colonel in the Bavarian service; and the other a lady, of whom he (the colonel) is enamoured. A plot is laid, to induce the barber to resign his pretensions, for “a consideration.” *Peters*, a ci-devant trumpeter and porter of the castle, undertakes to personate the long-bearded ghost of an ancient proprietor of the building, who, (according to the village legend,) for some crime committed while in the body, is condemned to walk the gallery, &c., at midnight, till some one is found bold enough to shave him. The new baron retires to his chamber—the ghost appears—makes the traditional proposition, which Frissac's fears and professional habits are upon the point of inducing him to accede to, when, with the first flourish of his razor, the clock strikes one. The ghost overturns chair, table, candles, and operator—the guests enter in alarm, and the terrified barber is soon persuaded to accept a handsome sum of money in lieu of his lordship, which he has previously found it would be necessary to sell, in order to keep it up with proper dignity! Our readers will readily perceive there was considerable danger in such extravagance; and the slovenly way in which it has been done into English would have ruined a much safer subject. The translator of *Le Barbier Châtelain* has shewn a singular deficiency, not only of dramatic tact, but of common sense and education in his production. Amongst other ridiculous blunders, imagine a *Strasbourg* barber professing himself a stranger to *Rhenish* wine, and singing in his chamber a snatch of G. Colman's old song!—

“So I keep my spirits up by pouring spirits down,

For love is like the cholic, cured with brandy O!”

The performers did quite as much as could be expected of them. Farren, as usual, exerted himself to give something like character to the Barber, but nothing could disguise the miserable baldness of the dialogue. One of Mr. Bayly's butterfly songs did no good for

the piece. The town is now heartily sick of butterflies, moths, and other insects. "I'd be a Butterfly," is an elegant trifle, and has been unfairly carped at by some of our modern Denises, who delight in "breaking butterflies on the wheel!" but a score of such things are rather too many. The farce was withdrawn on Tuesday.

ENGLISH OPERA.

WE have long been convinced, that the excuse of a manager being obliged to conform to the taste of the public, is an idle one; and that, on the contrary, it is always in the power of a manager, in a great measure, to direct the taste of his audience,—the town being a much more tractable monster than some vulgar and selfish speculators are inclined to admit. Let those who doubt us look at the English Opera House. Half-a-dozen seasons ago, had any one been rash enough to produce upon its boards a foreign opera, in its original state, he would have paid the forfeit of his temerity before the first act had been half over; and had Mr. Arnold been one of those said vulgar and selfish speculators, he might have gone on producing melo-dramas and farcettas to the present day, and with less risk made, perhaps, quite as much money as he has done by his more honourable course. But Mr. Arnold has a soul for music, and cultivates and admires the fine arts generally, for love as well as for money. The first feasible opportunity that presented itself, therefore, was eagerly seized by him, to introduce and establish a higher order of musical dramatic entertainment than any to which English ears had been accustomed. The innovation was boldly, yet prudently made. A piece was selected, which, from the novelty of its incidents, and the excitement of its story, was likely to arrest the attention of his audiences, and thereby compel them to listen to its music. The *Freyschutz* was produced and succeeded. Following up his first blow, Mr. Arnold produced *Tarrare*, the *Oracle*, and the *Freebooters*;—all possessing more or less interest in their plot, and grandeur in their decorations; and instead of pelting the performer who should venture to sing any thing more refined than an Irish jig,—to the astonishment of all London, audiences were found, and large ones too, who could patiently sit out a scena ten minutes long, and finales having as many notes in them as a whole English opera contained previous to that period. Our gratitude to Mr. Arnold, and his zealous coadjutor Mr. Hawes, for the entertainment they have afforded us, and the important victory they have achieved over the ignorance and prejudice of the mob, is great, and we shall never neglect an opportunity of holding them up for imitation to all their competitors. That gratitude has also induced us to wink most invertebrately at peccadilloes which have called pretty loudly for our critical reprobation, and to join in the full cry of praise and encouragement, poured out, from probably the same reasons, by our contemporaries. We must, however, be just as well as generous; and, merely because the managers of the English Opera House have manfully raced up the hill, we cannot bring ourselves (were it only from common charity,) to hurry them, by our shout and cheer, over the precipice. Like the town, we have tolerated two most flimsy and improbable dramas, (*Tit for Tat*, and *Not for Me*), as the vehicles for excellent music. Sooner than stop the flow of such fountains of harmony, we have said little of the barren sands by which they are surrounded. A third has, however, made

its appearance, and we are compelled to speak out. The *Pirate of Genoa* will not do. We "cannot away with it," and wish Mr. Arnold would. Its music, with the exception of the overture and the finale, is common-place, dull, and ineffective; and as a drama, it is positively insulting. There is neither a situation nor a joke, from the beginning to the end; and had it not been for Penon's excellent acting,—(start not, reader! we are stating a fact, incredible as it may appear),—we repeat, had it not been for Penon's excellent acting throughout, particularly in the finale, the piece could not have been decently announced for repetition. We are not amongst those who consider great interest necessary in the plot of an opera; but let us either have something like a drama to hang the airs upon, or, in the name of common sense, do away with the scenes and dresses altogether, put the performers into an orchestra, and give us a series of concerts at once. Beef and mustard is a dish that we do love to feed on, and we do not object to the beef without the mustard; but the mustard without the beef! Had we the patience of Grizzle, we should answer, with Kate the Curst—

"Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
That feed'st me with the very name of meat!"

And do our best to break the head of the tantalising caterer.

We last week made our "polite inquiries" for Messrs. Kenney and Poole. We would now ask what is Mr. Peake about? Are we to have nothing more this season from our young O'Keefe? One of his excruciating farces would be worth any money at this dull time of year. *Esperons*.

THE COBURG.

IN consequence of a letter, signed G. B. Davidge, impugning our critique upon the Coburg Theatre of the 23d ult., we paid a visit to that place on Tuesday, to satisfy our minds relative to the effects of the free-order system; and we found them exactly what was to be expected. We had carefully denuded ourselves of watch, purse, &c., fastened our handkerchief to a button-hole, and walked boldly to the theatre. It was well filled, and of that happily mixed order which levelled all distinctions. For example, ladies (and gentlemen, most probably,) in the boxes spit into the pit*—gentlemen and ladies in the gallery (between the acts) conversed with ladies and gentlemen in the pit, not quite in whispers, as there were three or four tiers of boxes between them; and the most distinguishable persons we saw were, a gentleman, disguised as a bricklayer's labourer, in the left-hand stage-box—and another gentleman, who used the liberty of wearing a red night-cap in the front row of the pit, while he sat there, but who exhibited it more conspicuously as he walked from that bench over the others, during several excursions which he made in our time. As for the general aspect of the company, we mean the public, it was such as to shake our opinion about the shillings (paid for the diorama, as the theatrical amusement is given gratis—and very dear too);—for, sooth to say, we could not fancy that one-third of the number had ever been possessed of so large a sum to spend on an innocent evening's recreation. After staying about an hour, and seeing an old woman act a pretty girl, a great deal of ginger-beer, et cetera, drank, some very characteristic scenes (not on the stage), and a prodigious display of kind-heartedness, we came

* It must be allowed that the instance we saw was a lady-one, and therefore only a little spit.

away; and fortunately, as there did not appear to be more than a hundred pick-pockets prowling outside, got to the toll of Waterloo bridge with our hat on.

VARIETIES.

Leeds Fine Arts.—The Northern Society, the opening of an exhibition by which at Leeds on the 23d of May, we noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, has concluded a very successful experiment; having not only attained the great object of diffusing a taste for the fine arts, but encouraged talent, by the sale of several hundred pounds worth of pictures, and the receipt of nearly 400*l.* for admissions.

The Gazette.—The London, Government, Gazette of Friday, last week, had but one bankrupt: the *Literary Gazette* had but one book, a volume of sermons, and this, with three pamphlets, was its whole list of new publications!!

Medal in Memory of Mr. Canning.—The Parisian medal to commemorate the virtues and genius of Mr. Canning, is stated to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. It has been executed by M. Galle, under the direction of Girard, the celebrated painter—M. Carlot, a sculptor—and M. Desnoyers, engraver. The number of subscribers is not only widely extended throughout the world, but prominently distinguished, by embracing the names of eminent persons of every description and way of thinking.

South America.—At the end of last year, the number of periodical works published in South America was as follows: Spanish America (the islands of Cuba and Porto-Rico) 2; the Mexican Confederation, 25; the Confederation of Guatemala, 7; the Confederation of the Rio de la Plata, 21; the Republic of Chili, 14; the Republic of the Upper Peru, 1; the Republic of the Lower Peru, 21; the Republic of Colombia, 17 (several of which have since ceased); the empire of Brazil, 25; making together 133.

Hebrew Chronology.—M. Rask lately read to the Royal Society of Copenhagen a paper on the Hebrew Chronology, from Adam to the departure from Egypt! The author, supposing or admitting the principle that the duration of human life has never changed, and that the figures in the Bible are exact, arrives at the conclusion, that the word "year," as used by the Hebrews, has various significations; and indicates sometimes one month, sometimes two months, sometimes four months, sometimes six months, &c., and that it was only after the departure from Egypt, and after the establishment of the Mosaic law, that the Jews reckoned by years of twelve months each. This is certainly a very easy mode of getting over difficulties.

Parallel Passages.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Childe Harold, Canto III.

Oh! never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud reas under us.

Two Noble Kinamen, by John Fletcher.

The Sagas.—Two volumes of a Latin translation of the Sagas are now printing at Copenhagen. There have been already published three Icelandic Sagas, of importance to the history of Denmark; namely, the Joms-vikinga-Saga, printed after a very ancient manuscript, and more copious than that which was published in 1824; the Joms-vikinga-Drapa, a poem on the expeditions of these same Joms-vikingan pirates; and lastly, the

Knytlunga-Saga, or the history of the maritime expedition of the Danish pirates to England, which may be considered as a sequel to the adventures of the Joms Vikings, and which finishes in the reign of Canute the Sixth.

The South Sea.—We observe that the plan which, after Weddell's voyage, we recommended so strongly in the *Literary Gazette*, is about to be adopted by the government of the United States, in conjunction with several private individuals. They are fitting out a commercial expedition to explore the South Seas. The vessels are to stay long enough to complete the necessary inquiries, to ensure the safety of the traders, and to give time for the establishment and consolidation of relations of reciprocal utility. The advantages which it is evident America must derive from this undertaking will, it is supposed, not cost more than 50,000 dollars!

M. Rivail, *chef d'institution publique* at Paris, has proposed a plan to the Chamber of Deputies, for the amelioration in public education, which is as yet in the swaddling-clothes of the seventeenth century, having never advanced since that period,—at least M. Rivail so asserts; and his ideas as to the forming the mind and character of man (both of which are generally left to chance in this kingdom), have met with universal approbation. At the same time, a reviewer remarked, whilst applauding the opinions and intentions of the author of this new system of instruction, the perfectibility of his method, &c., that man being more an animal than a moral creature, the first necessities of nature must be gratified ere any advancement can be expected or produced; and that no early principles will stand firm against the passions of humanity, or its imperative wants.—*Paris Letter.*

The fourth volume of *Voyage dans les Cinq Parties du Monde*, par M. Albert Montemont, author of *Lettres sur l'Astronomie*, is just published; and as it treats of the empire of the Czars, and gives a just idea of the resources of the country, whose battalions are now marching towards the East, it is considered not only a most interesting, but also a valuable performance.—Amongst the writings of the day is one which gave me real pain, as it is one of the many examples of the instability of human attachment: the title of this work is, *Promenades Philosophiques autour de mon Village*, by an officer; and dedicated to M. de Jouy. The writer turns his pen against his former commander, Napoleon; and on the same pages of abuse which he dedicates to the fallen, or rather the dead, emperor, is also traced the most undue flattery to the Hermit of the Chaussee d'Antin, who, *malgré ses talens*, will never be even a literary hero, or indeed a hero of any kind, except in his own opinion.—*Paris Letter.*

A magistrate who has rendered himself famous for the versatility and pliability of his opinions, has just published a work, entitled *Des Moyens de mettre la Charte en harmonie avec la Royauté*, par M. Cottu; which, however, it appears is so strange a medley of contradiction, that another publication is announced, called *Des Moyens de mettre M. Cottu en harmonie avec lui-même*.

Squaring the Circle.—The Dublin Evening Mail affirms, that a boy of thirteen years of age, named James Graham, and residing at Mountcharles, in Donnegal, has demonstrated the famous problem of the quadrature of the circle.

Humane Apprehension.—A provincial paper

begins an account of a serious injury, inflicted on a gentleman, by the sudden and unexpected discharge of a fowling-piece, in the following manner:—"With the sporting season comes its certain concomitant,—gun-shot wounds, and loss of life. We fear we record the first accident in 1828."

A Flash Card.—C. Hammond, Slap Kikais Builder. Long Sleeve Kikais got up right, and kept by an artful dodge from visiting the knees, when worn without straps. Trotter Cases, Mud Pipes, and Boot Kiv'ers, carved to fit any Pins, and turned out slap.—(*Verbatim et literatim copy.*)

Conjectural Knowledge.—The following brief but pithy dialogue occurred lately on the Epsom road, between a cockney and a countryman:—

Cockney. I say, Bill, my good fellow, vich is the way to Epsom?

Countryman. How did you know that my name was Bill?

Cockney. Vy, I guessed it.

Countryman. But how did you know that I was a good fellow?

Cockney. Vy, I guessed it.

Countryman. Then, guess the way to Epsom.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We are informed that the editorship of the historical and antiquarian department of the *New Series* of the *Retrospective Review* has passed into other hands; Mr. Nicolai having withdrawn from it, and with him, we believe, most of his literary friends who have contributed to the last six Nos.

The Thirteenth Part of Mr. W. J. Thoms' series of Early English Prose Romances, which are dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty, will appear in the course of a few days, and complete the first three volumes of the work.

The Rev. H. Tattam, Rector of St. Cuthbert's, Bedford, has in the press a Compendious Grammar of the Egyptian Language, both of the Coptic and Sahidic Dialects; with Observations on the Bashmuric; together with the Alphabets of the Hieroglyphic and Enchorial Characters, and some Explanation relative to their Use. To this work, for which we look forward with high expectation, there is an Appendix, consisting of the Rudiments of a Dictionary of the Ancient Egyptian Language in the Enchorial Character, by Dr. Young.

A new Quarterly Review is announced, to be edited by the Rev. Blanco White.

Another Juvenile Annual is promised by the publishers of the *Keepsake*.

Hints to Counsel, Coroners, and Juries, on the Examination of Medical Witnesses, by John Gordon Smith, M.D., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of London, will shortly appear.

In the Press.—Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholicks, and other Matters, selected from the columns of the *Times* Journal, with additional pieces.—By order of the Committee, the First Book for the Instruction of the Students of the new King's College.—An Essay, explanatory of a Method whereby Cancerous Ulceration may be stopped, by the Formation of Crusts and granulating Margins, with Practical Remarks on other Analogous Diseases, by W. Farr, Surgeon to the Cancer Institution, &c.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 4	From 51. to 68.	30.02 to 30.10
Friday 5	— 49. — 66.	29.96 — Stat.
Saturday ... 6	— 45. — 66.	29.96 — 30.00
Sunday ... 7	— 55. — 73.	30.00 — Stat.
Monday ... 8	— 55. — 74.	29.95 — 29.91
Tuesday ... 9	— 56. — 70.	29.73 — 29.86
Wednesday 10	— 45. — 68.	29.79 — 29.56

Wind variable, prevailing N. and N.E.
Generally clear; except the 19th, when it was raining.
Rain fall, .125 of an inch.

Edmonton.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 29" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 41 W. of Greenwich.

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The *Bulletin Universel* for June gives a copious analysis of this valuable and curious work, which it states to be a real treasure to the philologist and the student of Syriac literature. The author has availed himself of the valuable Syriac MSS. in the Vatican, and enters largely into the much-agitated question between Protestants and Catholics, on the right interpretation of the celebrated passage—"This is my body." Part of the work is occupied with discussions on the Syriac translations of the Old Testament, on some of which the author communicates details equally curious and novel.

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